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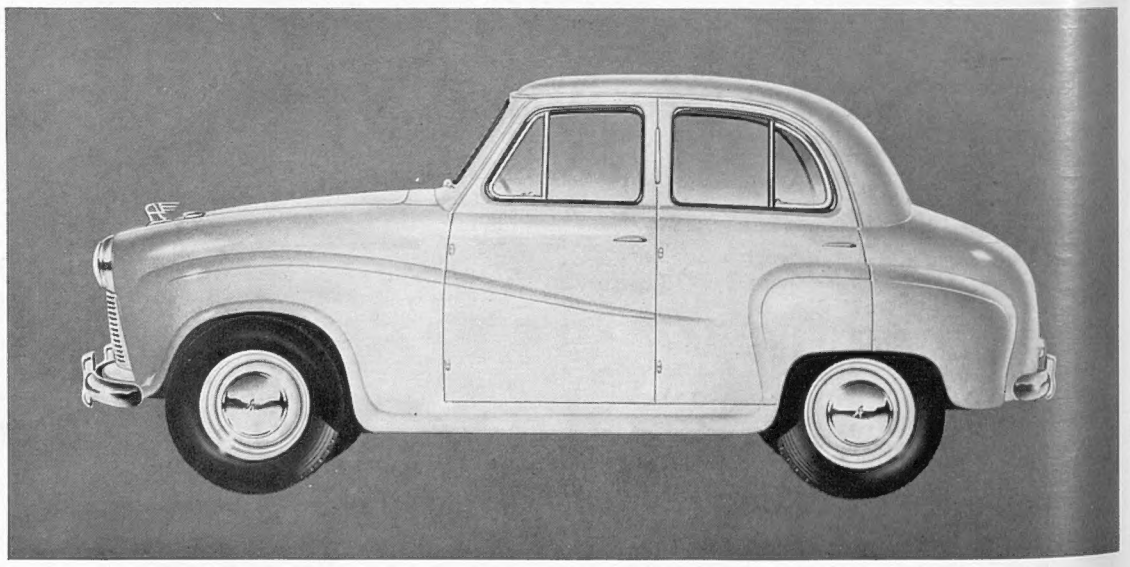

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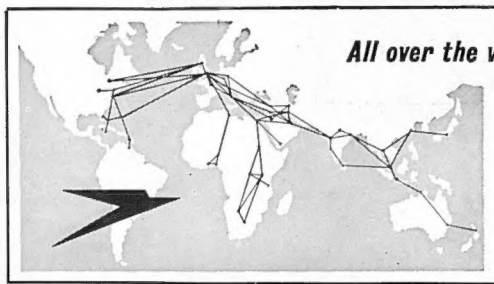

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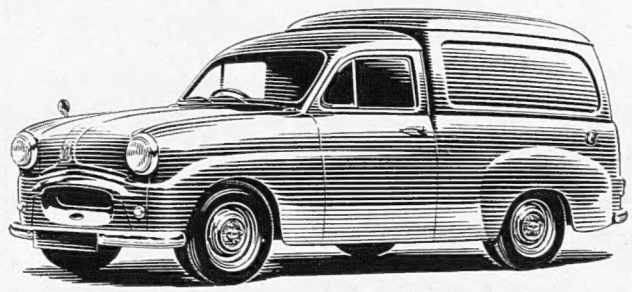

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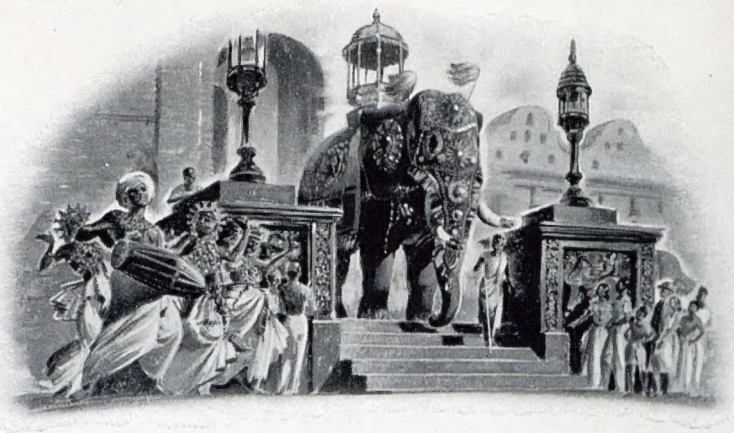

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Volume CCXXV No. 2928

The SPHERE, London, May 12, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

CORONATION SPLENDOUR IN KATMANDU—KING MAHENDRA OF NEPAL, THE WORLD'S ONLY HINDU MONARCH, AND HIS QUEEN RECEIVE CONGRATULATIONS FROM FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES: Bowing to his Majesty is Dr. Mayo, the chief delegate to the Coronation from the United States of America. With him is his wife. On the King's head is the State crown, a gold helmet gleaming with pearls and emeralds and surmounted by a huge cockade of white bird of paradise plumes. The crown is estimated to be worth about £600,000. The Queen's crown is a fillet of gold. Sitting on the left, below the throne, is the Crown Prince of Nepal.

The kingdom of Nepal, which includes Mount Everest in its territory, staged a magnificent pageant for the coronation of its King and Queen at the beginning of this month. The spectacle combined the age-old religion of the Orient with a scene of twentieth-century modernity. His Majesty ascended the splendidly ornate throne at precisely 10.43 a.m., the moment selected by the Royal astrologers as the most auspicious. Cinema cameras recorded his progress. On his head was placed the traditional glittering crown of the Shah dynasty, but over his eyes he wore a pair of dark sun-glasses and around him was a battery of microphones. At various points in the ceremony, water was sprinkled from the sacred rivers of India and Vedic hymns were sonorously chanted. At the end of the coronation in the Hanuman Doka, the Old Palace, King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva and Queen Ratna Rajya Laxmi received congratulations from the foreign representatives and homage and gifts from Nepalese Ministers, feudal lords and other notabilities. The British mission was headed by Lord Scarbrough, the Lord Chamberlain. (Further pictures from Katmandu on page 191.)

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DR. BRENTANO IN LONDON

THE WEST-GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER LEAVES DOWNING STREET: He is shaking hands with Sir Anthony Eden after having lunched with the Prime Minister. Dr. Brentano spent three days in London. It was his first visit in his official capacity. He said on arrival: "I am sure we will have many good talks about the questions which concern our two nations. These questions are particularly those which concern the entire free Western World, of which Germany is an integral and inseparable part." Among the Ministers he saw were Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Harold Macmillan. He was guest of honour at a reception given by the German Ambassador in the Tate Gallery.

TWO FAMOUS CONDUCTORS

ARRIVALS AT LONDON AIRPORT: The American conductor, Mr. Andre Kostelanetz, on left, and Britain's Sir Thomas Beecham arrive together in London from America. Mr. Kostelanetz's engagements in Britain included conducting a television concert for the B.B.C. Sir Thomas returned from the United States on his seventy-seventh birthday.

A NEW FRENCH AIRCRAFT

A DEMONSTRATION AT BRISTOL: Mr. Peter Masefield, the Chairman of Bristol Aircraft Limited, is in the cockpit of the French-designed Turbulent aeroplane. He was about to take off on a demonstration flight at Filton aerodrome. When he landed a gust of wind tilted the lightweight 600-lb. aircraft and smashed the propeller. Mr. Masefield was unhurt.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 *; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Unruly Member.—The Primate is a famous and, on suitable occasions, one of the happiest of speech-makers. I recall that in the past I received a rap on the knuckles for suggesting that he sometimes said more than he should. Certainly I am the last to suggest that the Church should stand outside the political arena. That would be to clip the wings of its trusteeship and lay the Church open to the criticism that it stands aloof from vital human affairs. But there are fields and occasions where and when angels rightly fear to tread and men unwisely rush in, and it may be the Government "had something" when it deplored Dr. Fisher's speech on Cyprus policy to the Council of Churches. It would be begging the question to say that the Government's policy in Cyprus is *sub judice* ; and therefore a reserved topic. The line which I think a majority of the nation to-day takes regarding Cyprus is that law and order in that land of murder must be restored before negotiations can be resumed with Makarios, or with any moderate men in Cyprus adjudged fit to negotiate. Day by day the toll of innocent lives by cowardly murder grows and there exists the clearest proof that Makarios did nothing to discourage murder as a means to the end he sets his heart on. It is a puzzle to many who admire the Primate that he could by implication identify the Church or himself with that other Archbishop whose leadership has created even among schoolboys in Cyprus an element pledged to the most cowardly and senseless of all forms of murder. To embarrass the Government is not in itself a bad thing. Often a Government needs to be embarrassed and jolted. It is another thing for the Head of the Church to embarrass some of its most faithful supporters and a host of men and women who devote their lives to improving the moral standard of youth in all countries.

Restraint in Wage Claims.—Such is the public's impression of the frequency and success of wage claims by the Unions that some may feel that the A.E.U. has shown notable patience in preferring a new claim to higher—much higher—pay for its members. For seven full weeks have elapsed since they last received an increase. The first quarter of 1956 produced an all-time record in wage increases averaging about 9s. a head. The wage increases to-day soar above the rise in prices. No doubt, to decide to lodge a claim is not the same thing as to jingle the extra coins in the pocket. Before this claim is settled, the autumn will be here and some proofs will be available of how the Budget is working out. But whether in the event the claim is won or lost or compromised, it reveals an attitude of mind in the T.U.C. as a whole, which suggests that, for all the workers care, inflation can run merrily on, provided its members secure another slice of the vanishing cake. For if productivity in the current year does not catch up with wage increases, quite certainly unemployment will become once more serious, as our markets shrink with rising costs and prices. The motor industry, one might suppose, would have waved the red flag of danger rather than of intransigence. When for a season more cars are turned out than can be absorbed by home or overseas markets, short time inevitably results. But the Union is resolute in its stand for the principles that no worker must be switched from one job to another and, if automation should create redundancy in the future, every employee must remain secure in the job then rendered redundant. In the modern world-battle for trade, this seems a mentality that demands the retention of the bowmen units against an enemy armed with modern rifles. It does not suggest victory in the last vital struggle to maintain our position among the nations.

A Serious Decision.—Sir David Davies has many claims to high repute off his own bat besides that of being the husband of a famous and brilliant novelist whom I reckon to be the greatest living authority on Jane Austen, her art and her times. His recent decision on unemployment benefit for short-time workers (under certain conditions) may have the importance of the Taff Vale decision and give him a place in history. It is not questioned that in the cases before him it was a right interpretation of the law as it stands. But it is an awkward one for a nation struggling to keep its head above water in a tempestuous sea of trade rivalry. It suits the present mentality of the T.U.C. certainly. It strengthens the disastrous theory that no worker shall be encouraged to change from redundant employment to under-manned and vital employment in another area. It suggests that the Welfare State, and in particular unemployment benefit, were created to secure and maintain full employment not nationally conceived but as a matter of local convenience. But unemployment insurance was never conceived to subsidise under-employment, least of all when full employment is available ; and, indeed, in individual cases even now it is not worked that way. No doubt, as a result of this decision, the terms of "guaranteed-week" agreements will henceforth be more carefully drawn up, albeit those which were the subject of this decision were drawn-up by mutual and careful agreement. But (as a footnote) the Welfare State clearly enough in the view of some citizens was designed to subsidise *idleness*. A Labour Exchange manager provided a fine example on the day on which the above decision was announced in the *Telegraph*.

"O Fortunatum . . ."—He wrote:

One of my clients is thirty-two years of age, married, able-bodied and the father of eight children, the eldest aged ten.

When he is unemployed he is entitled to draw £10 10*s.* a week, made up as follows : Unemployment benefit £3 10*s.*; National Assistance £3 15*s.* ; Family Allowance £2 16*s.*

Incidentally, this sum exceeds by £3 the wages of a very efficient clerk who deals with him at the Exchange.

He will, from October next, draw £11 2*s.* each week he is unemployed, plus an insurance card credit worth (to him) 6*s.* 9*d.*, and four free milk coupons.

Naturally, he is not ambitious for a regular job.

I try to keep him industrious during what should be his working days, but it is not easy, as his record of twenty offers of employment since March 1954 bears out.

He has not finished yet, because he can still become the father of four more children and thus, in the course of time, claim, and no doubt obtain, another £2 per week.

A NEW U.S. NAVAL CHIEF IN LONDON

A CEREMONY AT GROSVENOR SQUARE HEADQUARTERS: Admiral Walter F. Boone, on the right, at the dais, speaks at the U.S. Naval London headquarters on the occasion of his assuming his post as Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Naval Forces Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean. He succeeds Admiral John Cassady, on the left of the dais, who is retiring after thirty-eight years' naval service.

I fancy that most lay magistrates all over the country sometimes find themselves face to face with this very rare type who finds that in Britain "God has an idle rainbow no less than labouring seas." And then we marvel at the gaps that lurk in the most carefully devised plans for human betterment, and even wonder whether the State is in any great hurry to restore the national virtues of responsibility and labour while it is prepared thus to subsidise idleness and encourage large families of children who will be trained by parental example in the art of avoiding the responsibilities and enjoying all the sweets of Welfare State citizenship. I have often felt that children's allowances no less than unemployment benefit and national assistance, should envisage some form of *quid pro quo* acknowledging that a citizen owes responsibility to the state which secures him his rights.

It's a Toss-Up.—Those premium bonds again. They are exercising the consciences of the Churches and Chapels. The "spiritual coinage of the nation" is always being debased (and not only by gambling), and it is certainly the duty of a Government to try to restore it. Cynics may say that our Governments have been so little successful in restoring the material coinage that they have abandoned hope of doing the job with the spiritual. Certainly they have tried by every available means to obtain a rake-off from the national vice which they may deplore spiritually while they cash-in materially and with some success. And the new Bill on betting and lotteries is an admission that what can't be cured had better be endured in an orderly way. It would been better if Mr. Macmillan had called his spade a spade and not a "useful and innocent implement." His premium bonds are a gamble, fairly pure and

simple. An example of a gamble, even more pure and quite as simple, is the spin of the coin for deciding first innings at cricket. I am not at all sure it is the *fairest* or best method of decision in Test matches, but it *is* pure and simple. Chance may (and sometimes does) thus prevent the best side from winning owing to weather vagaries, but I doubt if this gamble debases the nation's coinage, if the coin used is not doctored. A lot hangs on a Test match. Would the Primate consider that tossing should be liquidated? I cannot see that it is a more innocent gamble than premium bonds. Buying Consols is a gamble, and not a very successful one in my experience. So is life assurance, house-buying, marriage and life itself, some say. There are so many dragons to slay in this ugly, dangerous world to-day that it seems hardly worth taking out a butterfly-net, let alone a steam-hammer, to crush this dragon-fly.

Coal.—It was only "the other day" that responsible men were deploring that a country like ours built on coal, made great and powerful by coal, was failing to solve its wartime economic difficulties by better use of the vast resources under its soil. Since that "other day" we certainly have not squandered those "vast resources" or in digging into them done much to solve our economic difficulties. What has happened in the last decade is the arrival of a new estimate of those vast resources and a new idea of the difficulties in the way of cashing in on them. They are difficulties concerned with the site of the still existing treasure and with the men who have the right (or responsibility) to get it up. It all costs more—how much more, you and I realise very well—and we wonder if in any industry or human undertaking, so terrible a transformation has taken place in the notions of "the other day." There are not enough men to dig what we need. To make up the bare needs of this country, a hideous tonnage must be imported from abroad, and one of the best and simplest of our exports is utterly ruled out. But even if an adequate labour force could be obtained at any price, that would not be the end of it. The tools they use are still antiquated, and before we could make an end of importing what is our basic natural treasure and start once more to benefit by exporting a surplus, uncountable millions must be, and will be, spent on modernisation. And by the time all the mines are adequately modernised, it may well be that oil or nuclear power may turn that modernisation into a museum piece.

News Out of Spain.—I am sorry to learn of increasing signs of unrest in Spain, especially in Northern Spain. In recent years I have come to think of northern Spaniards in particular, and of Spain in general, as the last preservers of some pleasant and rare forms of an ancient civilisation. This vague belief arises from personal contact with quite a number of Northern Spaniards, notably from the Corunna area, who have come to this country to lighten and sweeten the domestic cares of English housewives. They have for the most part set a fine example in good manners, cheerfulness, honesty, dependability and assimilation of unfamiliar duties and habits to all other foreign nationals and to the home product which gives grudging attention to this important function; while such friends as I have among educated Spaniards have convinced me that Spain still produces the highest exponents of the old cultured and civilised life so rarely observed to-day (and usually speak a purer English than do our native Statesmen). Hence my surprise that we, as a nation, pay so little attention to, and show so little sympathy towards, Spain. Wages are low, the cost of living rising; and though conditions are more primitive in the south, the north is more vocal, with less cause for grievance in comparison. It is to be feared that the evil consequences of inflation are not the only cause of this new, or now vocal, unrest. Spaniards are no strangers to political and nationalistic urges to revolt, and when they come, convulsive consequences usually follow. This unrest may be older and more deep-seated than we know; for news out of dictator countries comes in a trickle and our long cold-shouldering of Spain has kept that country out of the headlines.

Tales of Hoffman.—There are still a few optimists in the West. Among them Mr. Calvin Hoffman, who arrived in England just in time to attend the opening of the Walsingham tomb in St. Nicholas's Church, Chislehurst, hoping to remove from it the proof that Marlowe, and not Bacon, wrote Shakespeare. But his hopes were built on sand. Another optimist, the *New York Herald Tribune*, had purchased the world rights in the "story" of the opened tomb. It was a short story and the rights seem to have been infringed. But your optimist is invincible. Albeit no proofs were found in the tomb, Mr. Hoffman's thesis remains undisturbed: Marlowe will still definitely be the author of Shakespeare; and Hoffman and the man who was Shakespeare will go marching on—to another grave. I, too, am an optimist and undefeated. I shall go marching on in the fixed and optimistic belief that a man called Shakespeare (of whom little is known) wrote the works variously attributed to Marlowe, Bacon and others. And that belief I shall still assert when all the tombs in England have given up their proofs. But the *Tales of Hoffman* is one of my favourite light operas. I have enjoyed it often before and hope this will not be the last performance. We need all the colour and light relief which optimists can provide for our entertainment, and "damned be he" who first cried (and deplored) "a tissue of twaddle." I delight in the literary resurrection men.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES IN BURLINGTON HOUSE: *Above* and *below*—Mr. R. A. Butler, the Lord Privy Seal, is replying to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers." Among other distinguished guests were the Duke of Gloucester and General Templer, the C.I.G.S. Mr. Butler mentioned the impression which had been made on the recent visitors from the Soviet Union by the way Britain's historic treasures and traditions are kept intact. Sir Albert Richardson, the President of the Academy, caused two surprises. First he said that the company might smoke—"if they must." Secondly, in his speech, responding to the toast to the Academy, he took Sir Alfred Munnings to task for refusing to attend the banquet. The former President of the Royal Academy had dubbed this year's show, with its increased "modern art," as "the worst he had ever seen." That was why he was not present. Sir Albert paid tribute to Sir Alfred as a painter of horses, but, he said, he was depressed by his attitude. He said: "Springtime shows such as this form part of the longing of the English race for excitement. Look round the walls. Look at the execution of certain things in different galleries, some exciting, some exquisite, some execrable. I won't explain where they are." However, he suggested that there were subjects for every taste; "some carnivorous, some vegetarian, some scenic, some suggestive." At any rate, the Spring Show brought forth all the flowers of British talent, he declared. Before the dinner in the courtyard of Burlington House a guard of honour of the Artists Rifles exercised its privilege to salute the guests.

GUESTS FROM ANOTHER ART: The eminent actors, Sir Ralph Richardson and Sir Laurence Olivier, talk together before the start of the banquet of the Royal Academy.

A PAINTER FROM ITALY: Signor Annigoni, on right, is with Colonel Blewitt, arriving at the banquet. In this Academy the Italian artist has a portrait of Dame Margot Fonteyn.

PRIVATE VIEW DAY

The Royal Academy Summer Exhibition Opens at Burlington House

AN ANNUAL EVENT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Visitors throng the galleries during the Private View which opened the Summer Exhibition, and at which photographers were present for the first time. The portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh on the left is by Anna Zinkeisen. *On right*—A bronze of Margot Fonteyn by Maurice Lambert, R.A. The pose and liveliness of the statue, poised on tiptoe, are extremely arresting. The ballerina's skirt is made in metal gauze and the artificial eyelashes in bronze wire. The exhibit is one of the most conspicuous in the exhibition and has been reserved by the Royal Academy Council. *Below*—Margot Fonteyn figures again as the subject of a portrait (on left) by the Italian painter Pietro Annigoni. His portrait of the Queen in last year's exhibition aroused great interest. The exhibition provides a wide panorama of British Art.

CORONATION IN NEPAL

Brilliant Scenes in Katmandu for the Crowning of the only Hindu Monarch

ROYAL PRAYERS: Before a sacrificial fire the ninth monarch of the Nepalese Shah dynasty offers prayers to his gods and his ancestors. This was a prelude to his crowning.

A MIRROR FOR HIS MAJESTY: The Chief Priest holds a mirror before the newly-crowned King Mahendra of Nepal during the Coronation in the Hanuman Doka Palace in Katmandu. Beyond him the Queen is adjusting her crown.

On left—

BENEATH THE STATE UMBRELLA: King Mahendra walks from his crowning through the crowd of his subjects assembled in the courtyard of the Palace. The gold crown is encrusted with pearls and emeralds.

On right—

MEN MUST NOT LOOK DOWN: Only women and children crowd the upper parts of this vantage-point to watch the Royal progress in Katmandu. Nepalese men must not look down on their monarch. Some 200,000 people cheered the Coronation procession.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS BY ELEPHANT: The King and Queen have just mounted to the gold and silver howdah on the back of the elephant to lead the procession at the end of the Coronation. Behind them is the effigy of the Monkey God, one of the important guardian deities of the House of Nepal.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN: After their parents' Coronation they are driving on top of a coach to the Durbar held on the parade ground outside Katmandu at Tandi Khel, one of the largest military arenas in Asia.

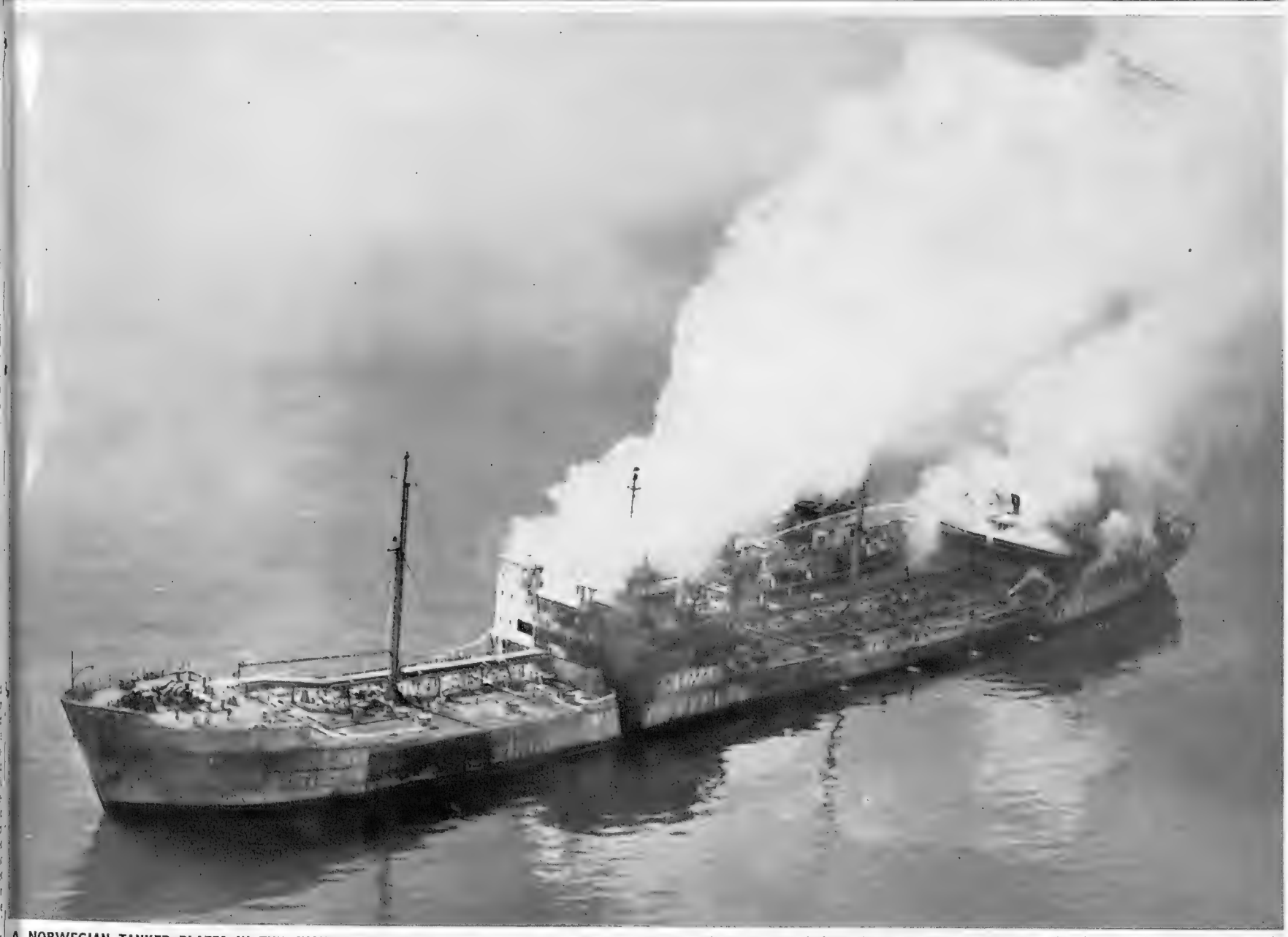
A WAR MEMORIAL IN AMSTERDAM: Queen Juliana of the Netherlands (on the dais, centre) unveils the "National Liberation Monument," in the heart of Amsterdam, to those Dutchmen who gave their lives during the war. With her on the platform during the ceremony was her husband Prince Bernhard. On the left of the square is the Royal Palace and beside it the New Church. The dedication took place during a five-day visit that the Royal couple made to the city, which was in a festive mood to receive them. During her stay Queen Juliana went to the theatre to attend a gala performance of Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*. Prior to her visit, she had been asked to choose from five different plays the one she would like to see performed. She chose Miller's play, although she had seen it produced once before. On the last day of their stay in Amsterdam the Queen and Prince Bernhard toured the city in an open carriage and were cheered by large crowds lining the streets.

EUROPEAN MISCELLANY

A War Memorial in Holland; an Air Crash in Essex and a Collision in the Channel

On left—

A YORK AIRLINER CRASHES: The wrecked York transport airliner lies covered in foam beside the runway at Stansted Airport, Essex. An airman and a little girl were killed and four other passengers injured when the four-engined York crashed on its take-off run. It was leaving with families and Service men for Malta and Cyprus and had forty-nine passengers and a crew of five aboard. The survivors included four infants, fourteen children and eleven mothers. The aircraft, chartered by the Air Ministry from Scottish Airlines, never left the runway on its take-off. After a run of about 400 yards it collapsed on to one of its wingtips and slewed right round, the port wheel being driven into the wing. There were about 1,700 gallons of aviation fuel aboard which did not explode



A NORWEGIAN TANKER BLAZES IN THE CHANNEL: The Norwegian vessel *Erling Borthen* burns off Beachy Head following a collision with the Liberian steamer *Santa Rosa* in thick fog in the Channel. The crew of thirty-seven, which included three women, managed to get away in the tanker's lifeboats, with the exception of the cabin boy, whose body was recovered from the ship later. Rescue ships were for a long time prevented from coming alongside because of the intense heat and the burning petrol on the sea. While still on fire the *Erling Borthen* was taken in tow by the French tug *Jean Bart* and towed to Boulogne. The other vessel concerned in the collision, the *Santa Rosa*, was damaged and six of her crew badly burned. They were taken to hospital in Portsmouth. The survivors from the *Erling Borthen* were landed at Dover.

PARIS IN SPRING AND IN SPLENDOUR

A Commentary on Many Current Aspects of the French Capital

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

PARIS.

PARIS in May is at the peak of her splendour. The chestnut trees are in blossom. The sky is (or promises to be) a lovely pale blue-mauve, like the colour of the lilac-bloom in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées.

The Seine shines brilliantly like a broad silver ribbon under the white bridges of the city. The owners of the boxes of old books and engravings strapped to the walls of the quays on both sides of the river between the Louvre and Notre Dame begin to take off their woollen winter wraps. And every hour skim by the gay *bateaux-mouches*, or river steamers, which have happily resumed their trips from the Pont de Solferino to the bridge of St. Cloud, and as they go down the river tourists can lunch or dine and even dance to the music of a small orchestra.

After seventy years the Eiffel Tower remains the star attraction of tourists in Paris. Statistics reveal that it receives more visits annually than the Louvre, although the visiting-fee is much higher and its charms are limited to the view from its platforms which excited the astonishment of Adolf Hitler. Number 3 star attraction, strange as it may seem, is the airport at Orly, where largely French crowds assemble at week-ends and on fête-days to watch the alighting and taking-off of the giant Constellations of Air France and the Vickers Viscounts of British European Airways (when they are diverted by a strike from Le Bourget, as happened when I last returned from London). After Orly in tourist interest rank the Arc de Triomphe and Napoleon's Tomb, in the Invalides, which the Germans, the Dutch and the Swedes all find of absorbing interest, as do British schoolboys and schoolgirls.

Montmartre, its famous Place du Tertre and the Sacré Coeur at the summit, remain a constant lure to visitors. Now that an old house on the hilltop, once threatened with demolition to give way to a medium-sized skyscraper, has been classed as an historical monument, and will be transformed into a museum of souvenirs of old Montmartre, even Parisians who have grown over-familiar with its charms may be induced to revisit the scene. The narrow streets and picturesque decrepit houses, the Moulin de la Galette and other now-vanished windmills, have been the subject of much painting, good, bad and indifferent, from the masterpieces of Corot, Renoir, Van Gogh, Pissarro and Utrillo to the tourist-destined daubs of the local painters, some of whom are not devoid of talent when they care to show it. At least one opera—the "Louise" of Gustave Charpentier, who died recently at a venerable age—was inspired by and even written in the Place du Tertre, then a more tranquil spot than now.

In a corner of the old square still stands the house in which Georges Clemenceau, then a young doctor, lived and practised during the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune of 1870–71. It is now the headquarters of what the local wits baptised in 1919 the Free Commune of Montmartre. The mayor and notabilities of the Free Commune visited Brussels last year and placed a garland on the famous statue of a nude boy which is the pride of all patriotic Belgians. In return a delegation from Brussels has just presented the Free Commune with a bronze copy of the "Manekenpis," to the embarrassment of the Free Communists, who do not know where to display it.

The last time they received a delegation of visitors, they were less coy in showing their pleasure. The visitors came from the vineyards of the regions of Bordeaux and Saint Emilion, and brought with them several barrels of the rose-coloured light wine which the Bordelais call "clairet," a word which in English seven centuries ago became claret.

If the streets of old Montmartre did not literally run with wine, it was because the local inhabitants found a better channel for the rosy liquid. Daniel Queyrre, the short, stout, rubicund and jovial leader of the delegation of wine-growers, who some years ago declaimed an Ode to Richard Coeur de Lion at the foot of his statue in Westminster, tells me that there were very few stone-sober Frenchmen or foreigners in Montmartre that night.

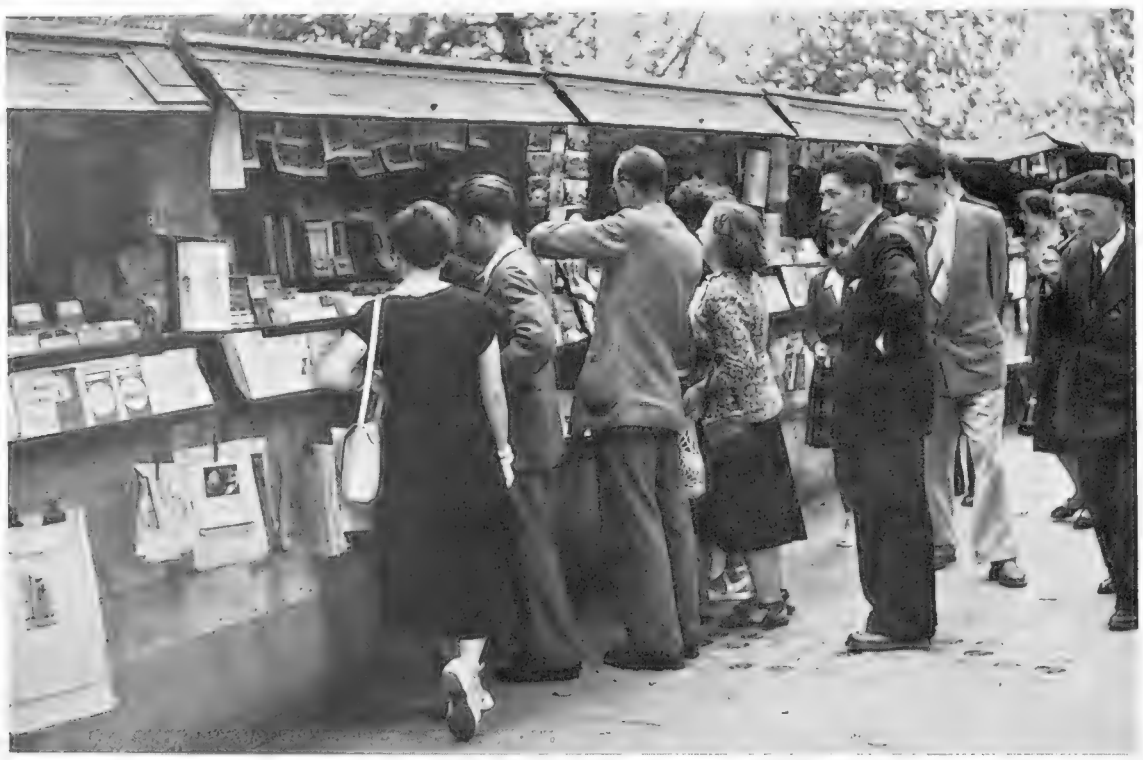
Writing of Montmartre reminds me of the Abbaye de Thélème, which was for long the most famous dance-cabaret near the Place Pigalle, and where the dignified imperial presence of the late Lord Curzon, who had been persuaded to visit for the first time the night haunts of Paris, once aroused the curiosity and the professional interest of a heavily-painted lady visitor. And the Abbaye de Thélème reminds me in its turn of Josephine Baker, the gallant and vivacious coffee-coloured dancer and singer from New Orleans. For thirty years Josephine has been a popular figure in Parisian life. In the late twenties she appeared in a revue (featuring chiefly Mistinguett) at the Casino de Paris, and her success was immediate. The next year she stole the show with her hula-hula skirt of bananas, her irresistible smile, her gay dancing and her enormous personal charm.

A CEREMONIAL OCCASION AT A FAMOUS PARIS LANDMARK: Escorted by cavalry, the car carrying President Gronchi of Italy and President Coty of France passes the Arc de Triomphe. The Italian President spent four days last month in Paris on a State visit, during which talks took place between French and Italian Ministers.

During her first season in Paris Josephine danced at the annual Anglo-American Press dinner at the Abbaye de Thélème and was presented to the British Ambassador, Lord Crewe, very tall, silver-haired and dignified. Rumour had it for many years afterwards that Josephine kissed the seated Ambassador on the top of his head, and that the Ambassador obviously was pleased at the attention. I personally did not see this incident, but Josephine was capable of it. During the war she worked as an ambulance nurse in Algeria and France and was awarded the Legion of Honour for war services. She is now married and a French citizen. A few weeks ago, when she gave up her professional career, she was given a remarkable farewell tribute at the Olympia music-hall. From midnight until nearly 3 a.m. the most celebrated of her fellow artists in the entertainment world contributed to a programme in her honour. Josephine, who in private as in her professional life is the soul of generosity, was overcome with emotion.

The English Opera Group is to give several performances in Paris this summer during the International Lyrical Festival at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. The occasion may be taken to enhance the comfort of this theatre to visitors by refurbishing the orchestral stalls, which, a highly indignant correspondent to one of the French newspapers declares, are in a disgraceful state of disrepair. The angry lady who writes the letter of protest states that her neighbours at the theatre, a young and well-dressed English couple, obviously hesitated in astonishment when they saw the gaping upholstery before they sat down on the seats allotted to them.

Otherwise the Théâtre des Champs Elysées is the most modern and most beautiful in Paris. It was built by the great architect Auguste Perret just before World War I, and its lovely white marble façade, its Greek sculptured frieze showing above the green tree-tops of the Avenue Montaigne, were among the first things which caught my eye on my earliest visit to Paris.



THE EMBANKMENT BOOKSELLERS RESTART THEIR TRADE: With the coming of spring, the boxes of books and engravings along the banks of the Seine are reopened by their owners. They always attract good business from both natives of Paris and from visitors. Occasionally buyers have been reported to have made lucky finds.

Two links with the artistic London of the pre-1914 era have just been recalled in France. At the exhibition of the futurist painter Gino Severini, my neighbour in Montparnasse, a yellowing poster illustrated by him and dated 1912 announced the first lecture on Futurism by the famous Marinetti, prophet and founder of the Futurist movement, at the Bechstein Hall. And a first exhibition is announced, at the Fine Arts Museum of Orleans, of sculptures and drawings by the late Gaudier-Brzeszka, famous in art circles in London and New York but completely unknown in his native France. He was born near Orleans in 1892, and his sculptures are shown under his real name of Henri Gaudier. Thus this brilliant artist, who was killed in 1915, in the trenches near Arras, obtains at last artistic recognition in his own country.

MAY DAY IN EUROPE

Parades and Demonstrations on Both Sides of the Iron Curtain

A FIVE-HOUR PARADE IN MOSCOW: A section gathered in Red Square of the vast concourse of many hundreds of thousands of military and civilian marchers who took part in the annual May Day Parade. The banners included many large portraits of Marx and Lenin, but there were only a very few of Stalin in the procession. Overhead there was a fly-past of fifty-nine jet aircraft, described in Moscow as new types of fighters.

MARSHAL ZHUKOV REVIEWS THE TROOPS: The Soviet Defence Minister saluted as he was driven along the lines in Red Square. He delivered a speech, reiterating the Soviet desire for peace.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATS IN COPENHAGEN: They were on their way to a mass rally in the municipal park. On May Day in the Danish capital there was a rival demonstration by Communists, but it was kept to a different route. No incidents were reported by the police from these marches.

A RED RALLY IN ROME: A dense crowd listened to a speech by the Communist leader, Giuseppe Di Vittorio. There were demonstrations by various parties of the Right and the Left in many squares. The Vatican celebrated the "Feast of St. Joseph the Worker," established to counter what has hitherto been generally regarded as a traditional secular holiday.

IN EAST AND WEST BERLIN: *Left*—In field grey uniforms, detachments of the Communist "People's Army" marched past in the Marx-Engels Platz (formerly the Lustgarten) in the East Sector of Berlin. On the stand behind, the East German President, Wilhelm Pieck, was taking the salute. Some of the units on parade wore steel helmets and marched to the goose-step. *Right*—In Schöneberg, in West Berlin, a great crowd of civilians assembled to listen to speeches and demonstrate for world peace. Many banners had slogans expressing unity with Western European ideas. In East and West Germany, there were other May Day demonstrations.

OVER HALF A CENTURY AGO : A group of labourers stand in front of the Simplon Tunnel in 1899 soon after the work on the boring had begun from both ends.

AN HISTORIC MOMENT : King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy and the President of the Swiss Confederation, M. Forrer, meet in the station at Brigue after the arrival of the Royal train from Italy marking the opening of the Simplon.

THE 50TH BIRTHDAY OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

The 12-mile-long Tunnel through the Alps Linking Switzerland with Italy Celebrates the Fiftieth Anniversary of its Opening

By JOHN STEEL

ONE spring morning nearly fifty years ago, all the inhabitants of Brigue, the little Swiss town at the foot of the Simplon Pass, had risen at dawn to complete the decoration of their streets and to see that the beautiful flowers garlanding the railway station were looking their very best. The date was May 19, 1906, perhaps the greatest day in the history of Brigue ; for that morning a special train was due at 11.30 bringing King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy through the newly-opened Simplon Tunnel to meet M. Forrer, President of the Swiss Confederation.

Just 100 years before, another ceremony, although on a far less grand scale, had marked the opening of the great pass, 6,590 ft. high, over the Alps which had been constructed by order of Napoleon.

But important as the new road had been to Brigue, it was now completely over-shadowed by the magnificent achievement of boring a tunnel through the Alps for a distance of 12 miles 537 yards, by far the largest tunnel in the world.

Naturally the good people of Brigue were excited, realising as they did that the journey into Italy would now take a mere 20 minutes, whereas it had taken between 4 to 5 hours, and that by a swift diligence, when the pass, open for barely four months each year, was the only route.

Sharp to the minute, greeted by salvos of guns, the Royal train entered the station, where a guard of honour under the command of Captain Hermann Seiler was drawn up to meet the King. President Forrer was on the platform, surrounded by high Swiss officials, and pretty girls from all parts of the Valais wearing their national costumes enhanced what was already a most colourful spectacle.

After the various speeches had been made, the Royal party sat down to luncheon in the Grand Hall of the station, when the following menu was greatly appreciated by the Italian King, the Swiss President and many other distinguished guests.

HORS D'ŒUVRE FINANCIÈRE
CONSOMMÉ DE VOLAILLE EN TASSE
TRUITE DU RHÔNE SAUCE GENEVOISE
POULARDE DERBY
ASPERGES DU VALAIS
BÉCASSES RÔTIES
SALADE PRINTANIÈRE
PARFAIT GLACÉ AU MONT ROSE
DESSERT

Finally, at 2.30 in the afternoon, to the accompaniment of more cheers and salvos, the party set out for Domodossola, in Italy, where another sumptuous banquet, with an even greater number of guests, was served at 5.30 p.m. Throughout the proceedings the railway line and the station had been guarded in a manner worthy of Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev !—since the authorities took no chances, even in the peaceful Europe of 1906. At this dinner, again held in the station buffet, the dinner service used was of silver bearing the arms of the House of Savoy, whilst the waiters wore full ceremonial costume.

THE SIMPLON AS IT IS TO-DAY : An electric locomotive of the Swiss Federal Railways hauls a train out of the original pilot tunnel which was completed to carry a second track in 1921. On the left is the first tunnel, which was completed early in 1906. The First World War helped delay the opening of the second tunnel.

Eight years previously, in mid-August 1898, work on the Tunnel had been begun on the Italian and Swiss sides by a Hamburg firm of contractors, Brandt, Brandau and Company, who had a contract stipulating that the two headings should meet in November 1903. A heavy fine of 5,000 Swiss francs a day was to be imposed on the contractors if they exceeded the time of the contract. Originally, the plans called for a single-track tunnel 14 ft. 9 ins. wide at rail level, 16 ft. 5 ins. wide at a point 6 ft. 6 ins. above rail level, and 19 ft. 6 ins. high.

Parallel with this, a second and smaller tunnel 10 ft. 6 ins. wide and 8 ft. high was to be constructed as a pilot tunnel, which, if necessary, could be enlarged at a later date to provide for a second track. It was considered wise, in the interest of safety, that the centres of each tunnel should be 56 ft. apart.

At first the work proceeded remarkably smoothly, gaining rapidly on schedule, but when the bore had penetrated 4 miles from the Swiss, or northern, portal, the temperature, contrary to all expectations, rose to 115 deg. Fah. The engineers had anticipated 90 degs. of heat, but as the bore continued, the temperature mounted steadily to the unprecedented figure of 127 degs. Despite powerful ventilating fans which forced cool air on to the working face, conditions became unbearable for the workers, so finally it became necessary to bring in ice-cold water and spray it over the rock in the immediate vicinity of the tunnellers, otherwise construction would have come to a standstill.

AT WORK IN THE TUNNEL BORE : Workmen take the temperature of a spring which has suddenly begun to pour from the rock walls. The temperature at the centre of the tunnel was 127 degrees Fahrenheit.

Things were not quite so serious at the Italian end of the tunnel, although at one point the Italian engineers were met by cascades of hot and cold water bursting from fissures in the rock. Not only did these bring work to a stop, but eventually both the main tunnel and the pilot one had to be used to lead out of the tunnel a river flowing at the terrifying rate of 15,000 gallons a minute.

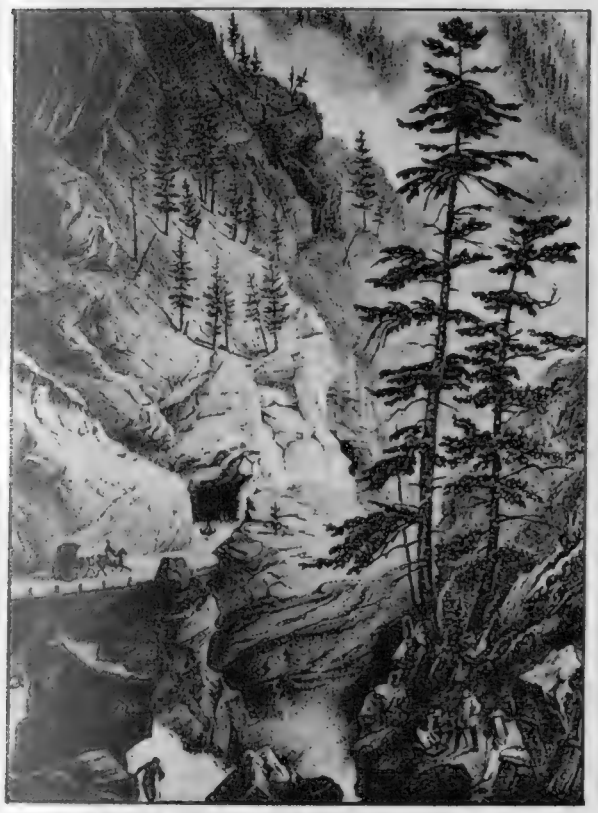
Quite apart from these difficulties, tremendous downward rock pressure was experienced, making it imperative for the contractors to build strong steel joists curved to the shape of the tunnel. These were then run in and placed in position at the most dangerous point, and the space between the joist and the rock surface was immediately grouted with cement. Fortunately, this operation stopped the movement of the rock, although in certain places the lining of the tunnel had to be reinforced to a thickness of nearly 4 ft.

When at last the tunnel was finished it had cost close on £3,000,000, 4,000 men had been employed, whilst some 1,250,000 cub. yards of rock had been blasted away by 1,350 tons of dynamite ! A mere 4,000,000 holes had been drilled into the rock to house this dynamite, which had been fired by 3,290 miles of fuse.

During the tremendous undertaking forty-eight brave men died, including Alfred Brandt, the chief engineer, who had a fatal seizure in 1898 shortly after the initial borings had begun.

NAPOLEON'S PASS OVER THE ALPS : A snow-plough clears the road through the Simplon Pass. Originally built to carry the cannons of the Grand Army, the Pass to-day bears more than 160,000 cars a year.

THE SIMPLON PASS : An old illustration of the exit from the "Galerie de Schalbet," on the Italian side. Although the route was built so long ago, it remains a fine highway and a tribute to the powers and persistence of Napoleon's chief engineer, Ceard, who was responsible for its design.



AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY : A lithograph of the upper entrance to the "Galerie de Gondo," from the Museum of Art and Archæology in Geneva.

THE SWISS END OF THE TUNNEL : The three massive square towers of the Stockalper Palace rise above the little town of Brigue at the end of the tunnel and at the foot of the Simplon Pass. It was at Brigue on May 19, 1906, that King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy met the Swiss President, M. Forrer, and opened the tunnel.

Needless to say, the saving in time between Northern and Southern Europe was so considerable as a result of this new and direct artery that it quickly became evident that the first tunnel was being utilised to the very limit of its capacity.

Plans thus became necessary to enlarge the pilot tunnel to take the second track and in the original contract an estimate of £800,000 had been allowed for to cover this work.

In the interim, however, costs had risen so greatly, not to mention the need for new equipment in view of the development of more efficient tunnelling technique, that the contractors stated they were no longer prepared to proceed. Fortunately, by this time the Swiss Federal Railways Administration had been formed, with the result that the Swiss Government decided to carry on this second immense task as a national enterprise.

Far less labour was naturally needed than that involved in driving the pilot bore in the first tunnel, nevertheless it was not until December 1921 that the second tunnel was opened. This long delay was partly due to the First World War as well as to an acute repetition of some of the enormous difficulties encountered by the same rock movement that had occurred in the first tunnel. Even at their widest point the two tunnel walls were only 40 ft. apart, so the greatest care had to be exercised to ensure that the enlargement of the pilot bore did not endanger the first tunnel.

When it was finally completed the second tunnel more than justified its construction by the ever increasing volume of international traffic that flowed through it.

At a point dramatically situated under the very middle of the Alps, the tunnels converge for a short distance into a single large chamber. Here a cross-over from one track to another is controlled by what must be the most unique signal-box in existence. Formerly the box was manned by signalmen, but now it is entirely automatic and its function is to simplify operations through the tunnel in the unlikely event of a breakdown of a train or in the extremely remote contingency of a ganger discovering a dangerous condition in any part of the tunnel. The delays to trains that would be caused if such an emergency arose can thus be halved over the 12 miles 537 yards section between Brigue and Iselle, at the Italian end.

During the war the tunnel was guarded by the Swiss Army day and night, in view of its vital strategical importance, with provision being made to blow it up instantly should the Germans ever attempt to use it as a means to invade Switzerland.

Living in London to-day—appropriately enough he works in a travel agency—is M. Pierre Vuarnoz, who has good cause to remember the time he spent in the tunnel during the early years of the war. M. Vuarnoz at that time belonged to the élite corps of railway signalling specialists, the special pride of the Swiss Federal Railways. He and his colleagues operated the lonely signal-box day and night, always on the alert to receive a signal that invasion had begun. The strain of waiting, not to mention the overpowering heat in the vicinity of the signal-box, must have told on the strongest of nerves.

If the invasion had occurred, they knew that a heavy driverless train composed of 45-ton steel trucks loaded to the brim with scrap metal, was to be sent into the tunnel from Brigue. Their orders were to derail it at a point close to the signal-box and then explode a heavy charge of dynamite.

Due to the position of the switch on the track, any hope of escape they might have had back to Switzerland was utterly destroyed. On being asked what he and his friend would have done if they had had to fulfil their dreadful mission, M. Vuarnoz replied : "We would not have had a chance—the only escape route took us back to Italy and there we would have been shot as saboteurs without a moment's hesitation. I do not think somehow we would have received the same courteous welcome as King Victor Emmanuel had when he opened the tunnel!"

Now on May 17 this year a special train will take the President of Switzerland, M. Marcus Feldmann, to Milan, where in company with the President of Italy, Signor Gronchi, he will attend a gala performance at the Scala Theatre in commemoration of the Simplon.

The following day another train will bring the two Presidents back to Brigue. There the Italian President will be entertained to lunch by M. Feldmann in the famous Stockalper Palace, home of the celebrated Kaspar Stockalper who lived in the early part of the seventeenth century and who was known far and wide as "The King of the Simplon."

For generations Kaspar Stockalper and his ancestors exacted a heavy toll on all goods to and from Italy that passed over the Simplon. The magnificence of his castle, with its graceful arcades and rich ornamentation, is an eloquent witness to the wealth that accrued from this most profitable of commercial ventures.

On this occasion there will be a joint birthday to mark the anniversary of the tunnel—still the longest in the world—and also to commemorate 150 years of travel over the Simplon Pass. Despite the fact that the road was constructed so long ago, it remains one of the most superbly engineered highways over the Alps and a lasting tribute to the inspired skill of Ceard, Napoleon's foremost engineer, who was responsible for its design.

ISLAND OF GANNETS

Grassholm, an Island off the Coast of South Wales, is a Bird Sanctuary with a Growing Colony of the Sea-birds

GRASSHOLM, six miles off the coast of Pembrokeshire, in South Wales, is a small island of red sandstone, covered for the most part with a thin carpet of turf. It has no human inhabitants. Nevertheless, it is a busy, crowded island, for it is one of the few places in the world where gannets are known to breed, and during the season they are gathered here in thousands. Indeed, there is definite overcrowding, bringing with it attendant problems.

It was in 1940 that Grassholm was turned into a bird sanctuary. For a short time towards the end of the war it was used as a target for bomb practice by the Royal Air Force, but in the face of public protests this activity was soon dropped and the birds returned.

The gannet is 3 ft. in length, has a straw-coloured head, and a wing span of 6 ft. The tips of the wings are black and can be seen clearly, when the bird is on the wing. Its large eyes are pallid.

When in flight the bird appears to have a foreshortened neck, the reason for this being that when it becomes airborne it automatically inflates air-sacs, which are essential in the absence of any external nostrils. It is thought, too, that this helps to lighten the bird on the wing and lessens the possibility of its being injured when diving for fish. It is most certainly an awkward bird when taking off, but in the air it is graceful and strong; the bill, body and tail forming a streamlined effect. The unknown speed at which this "fisherman" hits the water when diving is terrific. The gannet goes straight in with flaps up, and before surfacing has its catch intact well-placed in its "crop."

If there were external nostrils, as most other birds have, it would drown immediately it submerged, although it does not dive as deep as the cormorant. The small tongue that the bird possesses is thought to assist it when rapidly swallowing its prey whole before surfacing.

It is not easy to approach Grassholm. Cross-currents and a high swell give it natural protection. Even during the late spring and summer the one possible landing-place can only be reached occasionally, and this operation requires considerable nautical skill. Once on land, towering rocks have to be climbed to reach the birds and the visitor finds it slow going up tracks covered with thick green grass and bracken and full of hidden holes and tussocks.

However, when the objective has been attained, it will be found to have been well worth while. From an outcrop of rock it is possible to look down on the spectacular sight of the mass of gannets packed closely together, perhaps 20,000 of them altogether. From a distance one's first impression may well be of the wonder of "mutual aid," of Nature's skill in protecting this species of birds and of camouflaging them and toning them into their natural surroundings. A picture taken of Grassholm from the air makes it look like a rock covered by some crystalline substance—this is the white section in which the gannets cram together to nest. Coming closer one might think that the nesting area was a large expanse of white flowers.

Thus the overcrowding begins to make sense. It is a form of self-defence. The sitting birds add to the camouflage by each occupying a small conically-shaped mound, somewhat in the style of an inverted bucket. Each of these pedestals is years old. Every season additions are made to the already existing cone, the mound being topped with new-found flotsam—grass, heather, bracken, bones and other oddments found on the land or in the water. The structure is held together by guano, the smell of which permeates the whole island.

In spite of such natural methods of protection—and because of the vast mass of similarities it is almost impossible to concentrate on one particular bird—the members of the colony take no risks. A handful of them usually appear to be acting as "watchmen" on the cliff-tops. This is especially the case during the hatching season. The gannet's egg has a rough chalky surface of dull white and is laid between April and August. It is not long before the white is lost between the filth which abounds in the nest, or it may disappear among the extraordinary variety of objects which surround individual nests.

Gannets are born scroungers. A recent visitor to Grassholm reports seeing round the nests such a strange collection of "curios" as an old battered trilby hat, the remains of a check cap, a bow tie, a wooden meat skewer, a tattered leather sole, a comb and other pieces of junk. There seems to be great competition among the birds to add to their private collections. Living at such close quarters "collecting" is easy. A bird has only to reach out from its own nest and pick up the desired object from its neighbour. But the addition may not remain long with its new owner. Frequently an object can be seen passing rapidly down a whole line of nests.

The birds may have criminal tendencies, but in some respects they are extremely shy and nervous. If a human being approaches their colony, the result will be a mass "take-off" of hundreds of gannets. The young who are unable to fly suffer from the extreme nervous reaction of regurgitating the food they have taken recently. These unpleasant morsels are eagerly swooped upon by gulls and other sea birds, who seem to be waiting for the occurrence near by.

Yet gannets are devoted mates and parents. After the young are hatched, courting continues among the elders. This takes the form of a stately dance with much bowing and the crossing of bills. And the chicks themselves, apart from the rare occasions of a human visitation, are carefully attended. There is always a parent or guardian for each chick or egg. The gannets exchange some parental duties, perhaps they have grasped the necessity for a system of "baby sitting." But feeding is a matter for the parents only, usually it is done by the hen. The chick lifts up his head and utters a plaintive cry. The parent immediately responds and sets its throat muscles moving until, reaching a climax in the operation, it bows its head, opens its mouth and engulfs the head of the chick. This method of "refuelling" continues until the offspring's hunger is satisfied. Though to the human eye all the birds and nests seem similar, the inhabitants themselves have no trouble in identifying their own home and brood.

By late August or September, the great majority of fledgelings have grown to considerable size. They can walk and are beginning to take to the air. But they are still fed by the parents. Migration takes place in the early autumn, but young hatched late in the season will remain behind on Grassholm.

The presence of so vast a mass of birds on Grassholm affords them natural protection. But it does bring problems. For instance, there is now a "housing shortage." The gannets arrive on the island in early spring. Accommodation is taken on the principle of "first come, first served." Once a pair have staked their claim on a pedestal for nesting, they remain there tenaciously throughout the whole season. Late-comers —they now amount to many hundreds—have to build away from the main colony on outcrops of rock. Some seem to hang in precarious positions. Since the pedestals in the new areas are of recent origin the nests are not so high as they are in the regular colony.

Another problem for this crowded community is that of getting into the air. The bird, with its 6-ft. wing span, requires space to become airborne. Often when taking off, it bumps into those sitting around its path. This leads to a savage reaction. The bird on the ground sits tight and gives a vicious stab with its beak at the gannet going along the "runway," with the result that the flying bird may suffer a deep wound or even be stabbed to death.

To fishermen the gannet is both a scourge and a help. It can be of assistance because of its habit of following shoals of fish, sometimes for considerable distances. Thus the crew of a trawler, or a smack can mark down a possible catching ground. But they may find that they are beaten to their target by the gannets, diving down in hundreds and making off with their prey. Round the coasts of Britain the birds cause great havoc each year among the pilchard and herring fisheries.

In the past the young gannet was considered edible and, in fact, quite a delicacy. The fowls were caught by men lowered by ropes down the sides of cliffs. The method of cooking was to bake it. Although this practice is rare nowadays in Britain, it may still be carried on in other parts of the world. The eggs, too, can be eaten. According to old reference books, they should be boiled for about twenty minutes, allowed to cool, and then be eaten with vinegar, salt and pepper.

Thus the gannet can be regarded from many aspects. It is graceful in flight, but on the ground is at times ungainly and often unpleasant in its habits. It is more of a nuisance than a help to fishermen, but in a last resort it can provide a meal for the human table. The bird abounds on the rocks round many parts of the coasts of Great Britain, migrating southwards for the winter. Moreover, altogether there are nearly twenty species of the fowl distributed throughout the world. But for an ornithologist, or anyone else interested in studying or photographing the gannet, there can be few better places than its isolated stronghold of Grassholm.

A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF NATURE'S MUTUAL AID: This aerial picture appears to consist of a crystalline rock with specks of ash falling around it from a near-by volcano. In fact, it shows the gannet colony of Grassholm clustered in their safe stronghold of the bird sanctuary on the island off Pembrokeshire, in South Wales.

A PRECARIOUS HOLD: It would seem that the gannets, stretching like a field of white flowers on the right of the picture, must drop into the sea. But they are safely ensconced. The only landing-stage for boats coming to Grassholm is in the creek in the left background.

LIFE ON GROUND ONCE USED FOR DESTRUCTION: This is only a small section of the constantly breeding gannets on Grassholm. It is reckoned that at present there are some 20,000 birds on the island. During the war, Grassholm was used by the R.A.F. for bomb practice.

HUMANS ARRIVE IN A BIRD HABITATION: The boat from the Welsh mainland is anchored in the only creek which offers safe anchorage in the red sandstone island inhabited exclusively by gannets and other birds.

ON THE WATCH: A pair of gannets acts as "coastguards" above the cliffs of Grassholm during the hatching season. The island is one of the few places in the world where these birds are known to breed in large numbers.

A "SOLAN GOOSE" ON ITS NEST: This is the alternative name for the gannet. The European species of the bird, found round the British Isles, is about 3 ft. in length, with white plumage.

LATE ARRIVALS IN THE GANNET COLONY: They have come late and so must nest on the extreme edge of the cliff, owing to lack of space in the nesting ground higher up. With their large beaks the birds are predators on herring and pilchard fisheries. As a result, their own flesh is very rank.

LINDWALL IN ACTION: The Australian fast bowler took three wickets during the Worcestershire first innings. Among them was the opener, Kenyon.

THE AUSTRALIANS AT WORCESTER: In the familiar setting, Worcestershire's last two batsmen face the Australian bowling at the end of the first innings. Going in first in the opening match of the Australian tour, Worcestershire made an undistinguished start to the season by being all out for 90. The Australian fielding was good but not outstanding.

THE ENGLISH SCENE

The Australians Begin their Tour and Gilles de Retz Wins the 2,000 Guineas

THROUGH THE SLIPS: Mackay, who went in first wicket down for Australia, puts a ball from Chesterton through the slips. Burke, who opened with McDonald, was earlier bowled by an in-swinger from the same bowler.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS: Gilles de Retz, the surprise winner of the race (nearest the camera on left), passes the finishing-post at Newmarket. Behind and to the winner's right is Mrs. E. Foster's Chantelsey, ridden by E. Britt. Gilles de Retz, owned by Mr. A. G. Samuel and ridden by F. Barlow, finished a length ahead of Chantelsey, with Buisson Ardent a length and a half away third. The horse was trained by Mrs. Helen Johnson-Houghton, the first woman to train the winner of a classic race. The horse's jockey, Barlow, suffered a heavy fall in a later race and was taken to hospital with a fractured rib and an arm injury. This was his second fall this year.

REMOVING THE PANELS: A mason begins to remove a panel from the side of the Walsingham tomb in the Scadbury Chapel. Mr. Calvin Hoffmann, the American critic, hoped to find confirmation in the tomb of his belief that Marlowe wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare.

THE CONTENTS OF THE TOMB: One of two side panels is removed. The table-type tomb contained nothing but sand above floor-level, and the brick floor formed the roof of the Scadbury family vault.

SHAKESPEARE OR MARLOWE?

The Walsingham Tomb is Opened at St. Nicholas's Church, Chislehurst, Kent, Revealing Nothing but Sand

The opening of Sir Thomas Walsingham's tomb, which has lain undisturbed in the Scadbury Chapel of St. Nicholas's Church, in Chislehurst, Kent, since the seventeenth century, has proved a disappointment to those who had hoped to find there confirmation of the theory that the plays attributed to Shakespeare were in fact written by Christopher Marlowe. Mr. Calvin Hoffmann, the American theatre critic who supports this belief, had hoped to find documentary evidence in the tomb itself. Mr. Hoffmann believes that Marlowe was not killed in a Deptford tavern brawl, as has been supposed, but lived on for several years to write the plays under Walsingham's protection. When one of the side panels was removed it was found that the tomb was filled with sand above the floor-level. The sand on one side was completely removed and that on the other thoroughly probed, but the search revealed no evidence at all. A small hole was made in the brick floor and a periscope used to look into the vault underneath. As had been supposed, the vault proved to be that of the Scadbury family which had been used for family burial as recently as 1893, and was known to contain nothing concerning either Shakespeare or Marlowe. After the barren results of the search had been made known, Mr. Hoffmann announced that "this has not disproved my thesis in any way. I shall now plan my further pursuits of the Shakespeare mystery."

TWO ANXIOUS ONLOOKERS: Mr. Calvin Hoffmann and his wife watch the opening of the tomb. The American critic later said that his theory is not affected by his failure to find any confirmation.

LOOKING INTO THE VAULT BELOW: Lord Mottistone, one of two architects supervising the opening of the tomb, looks into the Scadbury family vault below with the aid of a periscope.

NOTHING BUT SAND: Sand is removed from the tomb after the panel had been prised from the side. Since the vault underneath had been used for family burial as recently as 1893 and is known to contain nothing concerning Shakespeare or Marlowe, the stone tomb was re-sealed.

THE APPROACH TO STALIN'S HOME TOWN : The board at the limits of the town announces Gori in the Georgian (above) and the Russian scripts.

"GLORY TO STALIN" : This is still proclaimed by the neon sign on the fortress of Gori, in background. All pictures on these pages were taken between April 15 and 20 last.

PRO-STALINISTS ? : Farm-workers board a truck in Mijurizhevy, near Gori. From this area demonstrations were lately reported against the denunciation of Stalin's memory.

BIRTHPLACE OF STALIN

Recent Pictures of Gori and its Neighbourhood, Where his Memory is still much Honoured

THE MARBLE SHRINE : The minute and poverty-stricken cottage in which Stalin was born is now surrounded by a structure of marble pillars. Within the walls of the miserably primitive hut seen through the pillars, Joseph Vissarionovitch Djugashvili was born to a cobbler and his wife on December 21, 1879.

ENTERING THE BIRTHPLACE : Local Georgians visit the hut where Stalin was born. Through light from this door, the baby, whom his doting mother called "Soso," received his first impressions of the shapes of the world which he was in time to dominate as the "Man of Steel." His mother continued to live in Georgia in far better circumstances until she died in 1937, at the age of seventy-eight.

The pictures on these pages are of particular interest to those who wish to understand the Soviet Union and the man who brought it to its most powerful manifestation. They were all taken in the Soviet Republic of Georgia last month, between April 15 and 20. Georgia is one of the southernmost constituent republics of the U.S.S.R. Its area borders the east coast of the Black Sea and stretches inland in the neck of territory coming down from the north between the Black and Caspian Seas.

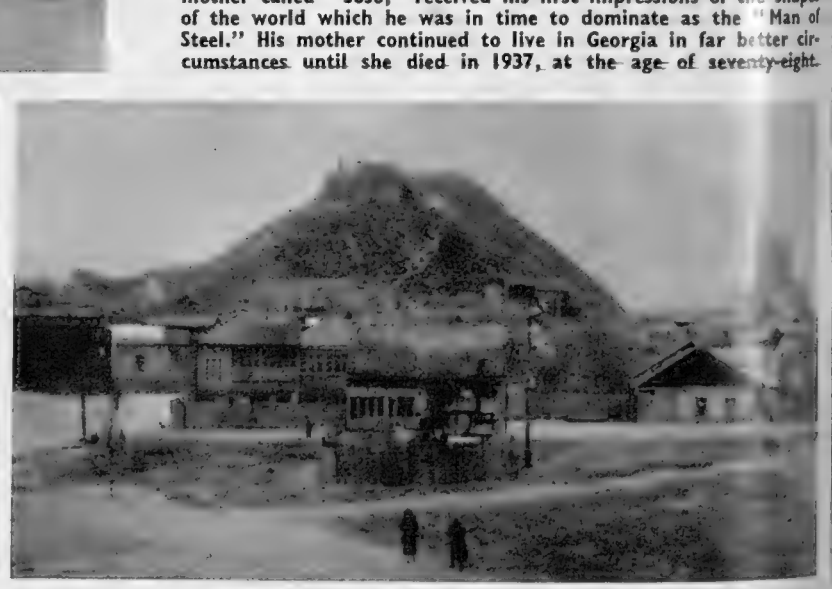
It was from Georgia that two months ago reports came of hostile demonstrations, mainly by students, against the Communist Party's new "line" of denouncing the reputation of Stalin. The reason for this unrest is to be found in the fact that Stalin was a native Georgian.

It was not surprising that Stalin always regarded his native area with a friendly eye. It is equally not surprising that, when Khrushchev, a Ukrainian, began to consolidate power in the Communist Party councils, Georgia suffered. Russia is a vast territory and provincial loyalties play a large part in the development which is summarised in the current Communist phrase, "collective leadership versus the personality cult."

As a result of the fall in 1953 of the police terrorist Beria, a Georgian and a favourite of Stalin, a number of local Georgian officials were arrested last year, found guilty of treason and executed. The demonstrations of last March may well have been evidence of local resistance against encroachments from other Soviet nationalities—a resistance which found its natural focal-point in defending the memory of the great Georgian hero, Stalin.

Whatever may be the truth of the case, it will be noted that no "Collective Leader" in Moscow has yet felt strong enough to remove the memorials to the great son of Georgia in his own country.

IN THE STEPS OF "SOSO" : A group of children on the way to school in Gori, where seventy years ago Stalin received the start of his education.



A LANDMARK IN GORI : The fortress on the hill is the feature which is the focal-point of all eyes in Gori to-day, as it was in the last century. The tumbledown dwellings below it are still typical of many buildings in the town.

As one looks round these memorials, one can see the influences which played upon the future dictator during his formative years. The cobbler's son was born in what was little more than a mud hut in Gori. To-day it is surrounded by a fine marble shrine, but the squalid hut and the marks of the appalling poverty remain.

As is well known, it was the mother—the peasant Catherine Geladze—who devoted her entire energies to the upbringing of her son Joseph—known to her affectionately by the Caucasian diminutive of "Soso." In spite of new buildings, Gori retains much of its old frustrating dreariness beneath its forbidding fortress, and skyline, brutal in its harshness of the surrounding hills. It is not in the least difficult to see here the conditions for the making of a revolutionary.

Stalin's mother wanted the boy to become a priest. When he was fourteen she managed to send him to the Theological College in nearby Tiflis. In 1893 this was an industrial town in which the rich increased their riches very quickly, but the poor remained abysmally poor. The atmosphere survives. Instead of religion, young "Soso" cultivated Marxism and revolutionary violence. In 1898 he was expelled from his college.

By the early years of this century he was organising strikes throughout the area. If "the child is father of the man," then much of the truth about Joseph Vissarionovitch Djugashvili, alias Stalin, is to be understood by visiting his birthplace and its environs.

STILL GORI'S FAMOUS AND HONOURED SON : The statue of Stalin dominates the Central Square of his birthplace. Behind are the new buildings for Government offices.

THE RUGGED SURROUNDINGS OF THE DICTATOR'S CHILDHOOD : This florid piece of monumental architecture in a park outside Gori contrasts with the grim line of the hills.

COMFORT FOR PILGRIMS : The Intourist hotel in Gori was completed two months ago in expectation of crowds of devout visitors to the birthplace.

A CHURCH POSSIBLY ATTENDED BY AN UNWILLING THEOLOGICAL STUDENT : It is at Mitzhit, some twenty miles from Tiflis. Young Stalin may have come here as a theological student.

THE CAPITAL OF GEORGIA : Tiflis lies roughly midway between the Black and the Caspian Seas and beneath the Caucasus Mountains, seen behind. Here Stalin became a revolutionary.

On left—

A SCENE OF PRO-STALIN DEMONSTRATIONS : The Council of Ministers' building in Tiflis was surrounded in March by demonstrators refusing to accept the official Soviet denunciations of Stalin.

THE STALIN UNIVERSITY IN TIFLIS : Its presence is a monument to the capital of Georgia's most notable student. In the 1890's Stalin spent five years in a theological college here, and then switched to Marxism and violence.

THE GRAVE OF STALIN'S MOTHER : On a hill above Tiflis, it states on the stone her name and her dates—1856 to 1937.

HE STILL DOMINATES TIFLIS : Beneath this statue of Stalin on its high plinth, students rallied during last March to defend his memory.

PEDALLING UNDER WATER

An American Company, Aerojet-General Corporation, is Developing Two New Underwater Craft, the Aquaped and the MiniSub, for the Commercial Market

TWO new devices for the aquarist are being developed in America. Known as the Aquaped and the MiniSub, the development of these craft started as a hobby with the inventors, but as commercial applications became apparent, the projects were taken over by the Aerojet-General Corporation which intends to put both devices on the commercial market.

The Aquaped is designed to propel an underwater swimmer more efficiently than is possible by the use of swim fins. Its essential feature is the application of scientifically designed propellers to the swimmer's own movements. The device is arranged so that a swimmer applies power to pedals in a manner similar to pedalling a bicycle. In their turn, the pedals are geared to two contra-rotating propellers—so arranged to eliminate torque—mounted on concentric shafts. These propellers are 27 ins. in diameter and made of lightweight aluminium alloy. The weight of the complete unit is 19 lb.

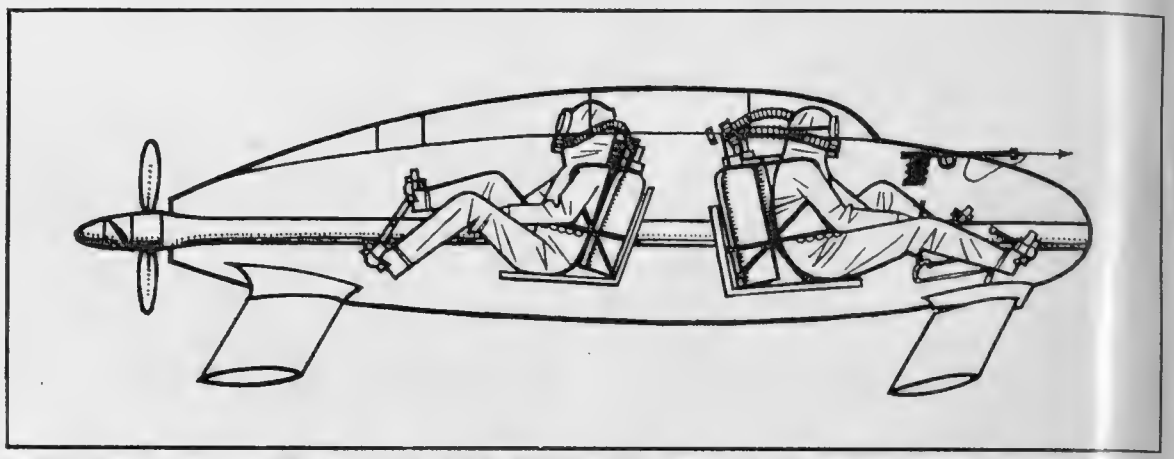
When in the water the Aquaped has a slight buoyancy, making possible operations either on or under the surface of the water. At a fixed speed, it shows an efficiency five times that obtainable with swim fins and allows comfortable cruising speeds of more than twice that which a man can produce using the present equipment.

The MiniSub, the second of these new devices, is a small free-flooded submarine which is likely to appeal to salvage companies, marine biologists, offshore prospectors, as well as sportsmen. With a length of 172 ins., it is 22 ins. wide, 42 ins. high and weighs 390 lb.—with an electric motor and batteries the weight is 450 lb. The craft is designed to carry an operator with space for either another man or for cargo. If the craft is to carry two men, both can supply motive power by pumping the foot pedals, but for two-man operation with a motor installed, only the operator will have a set of pedals.

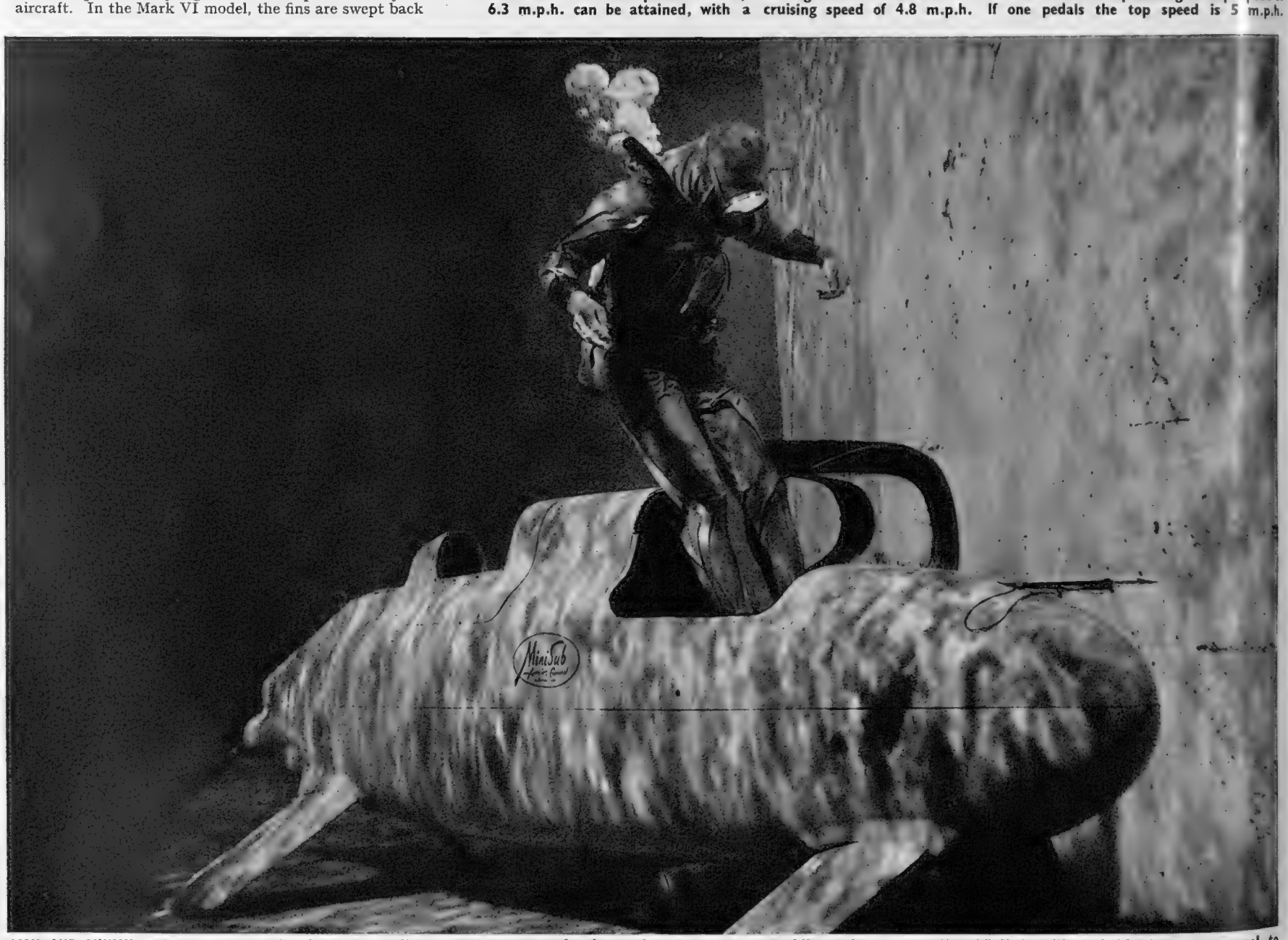
The craft is steered by a single wheel, linked to the control surfaces to allow triaxial control. The MiniSub is thus capable of any flight manœuvre performed by an aircraft. In the Mark VI model, the fins are swept back 30 degs. to allow the shedding of any seaweed which might foul them. They are set away from the body at an angle of 40 degs. to the horizontal, so that a separate vertical tail is unnecessary.

Power is supplied by an electric motor of a 1 h.p. series-wound D.C. type which has an overload clutch set at 50-ft.-lb torque. An electrically-operated dog type clutch disengages the motor when the power is off. The motor operates on a maximum of 28 volts D.C. and the output shaft runs at speeds from about 40 to 80 r.p.m. The motor, which weighs 15 lb., is connected to the propeller shaft by a chain-and-sprocket arrangement which is lubricated periodically with a special waterproof grease. Aircraft-type batteries, enclosed in pressure-tight containers, have been used to date because of their low cost. They are 12-volt, 34 amperes-hour units, weighing 34 lb. each. With the electric motor in operation, two speeds are possible, 7.3 m.p.h. and 3.8 m.p.h. Using foot-power alone, a single man can attain a top speed of 5 m.p.h., while at a comfortable pedalling rate, a speed of 3.8 m.p.h. can be maintained for a matter of hours, or as long as the operator is supplied with air. If both men pedal, the top speed will be 6.3 m.p.h. and the cruising speed will be 4.8 m.p.h. The operators sit erect, back to back, with their heads in transparent domes—similar to those fitted on fighter aircraft—and press-on foot pedals located in the nose and tail of the craft.

The pedals are chain-connected to gears in the after end, which turn the contra-rotating propellers mounted—as in the Aquaped—on concentric shafts. The aluminium propellers, 30 ins. in diameter, are of aircraft rather than ship type, to give better performance. Both hull and control vanes are made of plastic laminated glass cloth. The control vanes are six layers thick and are mounted on hollow stainless steel shafts. An internal ballast system, operated by air pressure, is fitted in the MiniSub to provide buoyancy control for either the positive or negative trim conditions. The operational depth of the craft is limited only by the capabilities of the breathing apparatus worn by the operator. The costs of maintaining and operating these novel craft are very economical due to the simplicity of design and make-up.



INSIDE A NEW UNDERWATER CRAFT: This sketch illustrates the interior of the MiniSub, showing the two operators sitting back to back using the foot pedals, which are located in the nose and tail of the craft. Their heads are enclosed in transparent domes, allowing a wide field of vision. With both men pedalling a top speed of 6.3 m.p.h. can be attained, with a cruising speed of 4.8 m.p.h. If one pedals the top speed is 5 m.p.h.



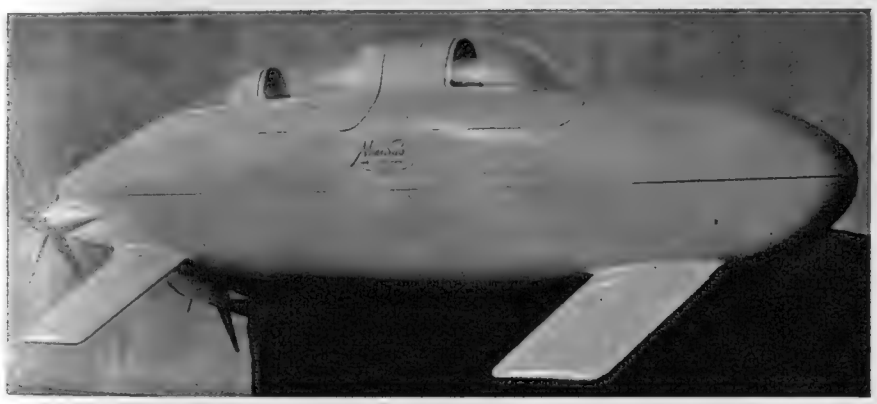
MAN AND MINISUB: The transparent hoods open to allow easy entrance and exit to the operator even while under water. The MiniSub will probably have an appeal to commercial interests such as salvage companies and offshore prospectors, as well as to underwater sportsmen. Only 172 ins. long, it weighs 390 lb. without the electric motor and batteries. The electric engine weighs 15 lb. and the batteries 34 lb. each. It is so designed that it can either carry a second operator or a cargo in his place.

On left—

AT SPEED UNDER WATER: A Mini-Sub gives a demonstration of its capabilities under water. The prominent fins are swept back at an angle of 30 degs. to allow any hampering seaweed which might foul them to be easily shed. They are also set at an angle of 40 degs. to the horizontal, so that there is no need for a separate vertical tailplane. A single steering wheel linked to the planes gives the craft triaxial control and makes it capable of any flight manœuvre performed by an aircraft. The 15-lb. motor is connected to the propeller shaft by a chain-and-sprocket arrangement the parts of which are periodically lubricated with a special waterproof grease.

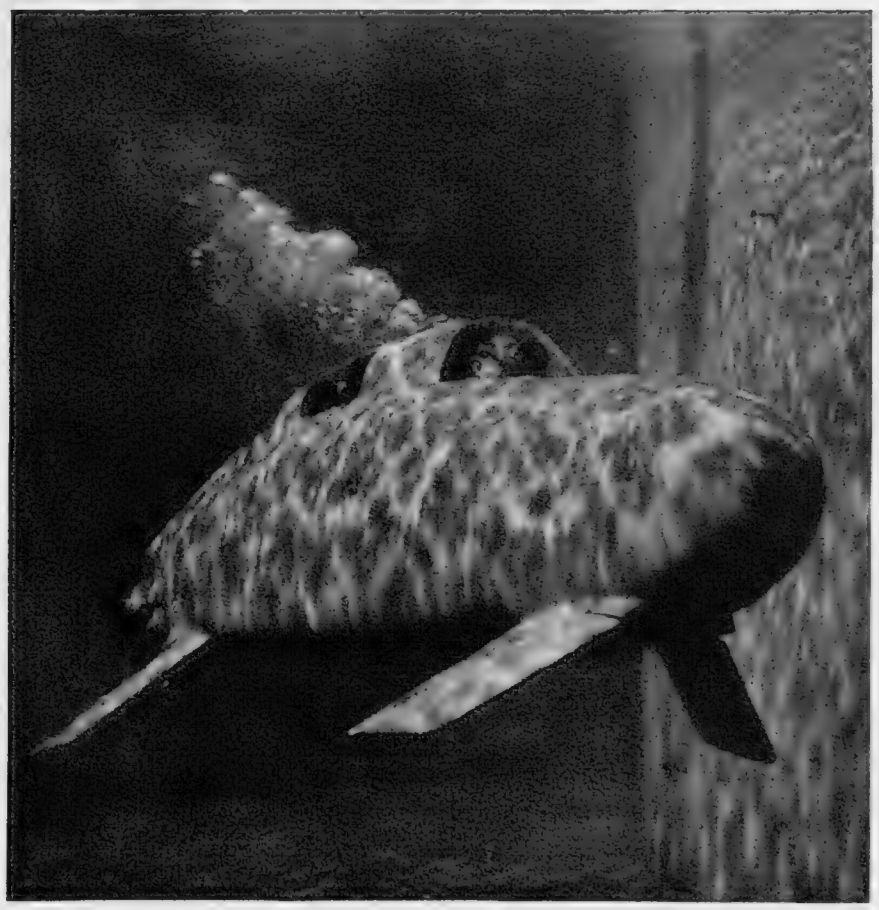
Below—

THE UNDERWATER BICYCLE: The Aquaped is another new submarine device which was originally developed as a hobby and has since been taken over by the American company, Aerojet-General Corporation for its commercial possibilities. It applies the power of scientifically developed propellers to the swimmer's own movements. The propellers are operated by the use of pedals which the swimmer uses in much the same way as a man on a bicycle. The weight of the complete unit is about 19 lb. It shows a marked efficiency improvement over the conventional swim fins and permits comfortable cruising speeds at rates of more than twice those attained with the conventional equipment.



DEVELOPMENT FOR THE COMMERCIAL MARKET: *On left*—The compact shape of the MiniSub and the simplicity of its design will give it a high commercial appeal when it is eventually put on the market. The operational possibilities of the craft are limited only by the efficiency of the breathing devices worn by the operators. *Below*—The MiniSub in the water is capable of a high manœuvrability.

PROPELLERS IN PLACE OF WHEELS: The Aquaped, or underwater bicycle, has a slight buoyancy, so that it can either be used under or on the surface. The total weight of the machine is about 19 lb., which allows considerable ease of manœuvre.



SHIPS AND SHIPBUILDERS

The Launchings of the Trawler "Summerlee," and the Tanker "Harvella" and the Completion of the "Oti"

A "NOBLE" EFFORT: The motor trawler *Summerlee* lies moored in the river after her launching at the yard of John Lewis and Sons, Aberdeen. The ceremony was carried out by seventy-one-year-old Mr. George Noble, who is the oldest serving employee of the company. The *Summerlee*, which has an overall length of 130 ft., has been built under the White Fish Authority scheme for W. Liston Ltd., Newhaven. She will operate from Granton, trawling in the North Sea and in middle-water fishing grounds. She has accommodation for a crew of thirteen members.

Below—

THE COMPLETION OF M.V. "OTI": Following the successful completion of her sea trials, the motor vessel *Oti*, a cargo liner of 5,485 tons gross, has been handed over to her owners, Elder Dempster Lines, by the builders, Messrs. Harland and Wolff Ltd. The new cargo liner's principal dimensions are an overall length of 450 ft., a breadth of 62 ft. and a depth of 34 ft. She has been built under Ministry of Transport and Lloyd's Survey and is designed on modern lines with a well-raked stem, cruiser stern, two stump masts, a signal mast and a single streamlined funnel. There are four main cargo holds. She is fitted with one of Harland and Wolff's latest 5-cylinder Diesel engines.

THE LAUNCH OF THE S.T.S. "HARVELLA": The 18,000-ton turbine-driven oil tanker, *Harvella*, is launched from Harland and Wolff's Belfast shipyard. The tanker has been built for Shell Tankers Limited, and was named by Lady Forbes, the wife of Sir Archibald Forbes, the chairman of the Iron and Steel Board and a director of Shell Transport and Trading Company. The *Harvella* is a single-screw steam turbine oil tanker with a length of 530 ft., a breadth of 69 ft. and a depth of 39 ft. She is of conventional design with her machinery aft and the poop, bridge and forecastle decks connected by fore and aft gangways. The boat-deck is aft and the upper bridge and navigating bridge amidships. The hull is divided by bulkheads into thirty-three oil-cargo carrying compartments. The engines consist of a single screw arrangement of double reduction geared turbines having a total power in service of 7,500 s.h.p. Welding to Classification Society's approval has been extensively adopted in the construction of the vessel. Her hull is streamlined with a raked stem and a cruiser stern of conventional design.

THE TANKER IN HER FITTING-OUT BASIN: The *Spyros Niarchos* lies moored under tall derricks and cranes at Barrow-in-Furness preparatory to her sea trials. She was launched from the shipyards of Vickers-Armstrong last December.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER

The 47,750-ton "Spyros Niarchos" Prepares for Her Sea Trials

The 47,750-ton super tanker, *Spyros Niarchos*, is now approaching the sea-going-trials stage. The world's largest oil tanker was launched at Barrow-in-Furness last December by Lady Weeks, the wife of the chairman of Vickers. The 757-ft.-long vessel, which is powered by 20,000 horse-power engines, will have a speed of approximately 17 knots. At the moment she lies in the fitting-out basin of the Vickers-Armstrong Company as the last work is carried out on her. Built for the merchant fleet of the Greek shipowner, Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the *Spyros Niarchos* will carry cargoes of crude oil from the wells lining the Persian Gulf to refineries in the United Kingdom. Her entry into service will mark an important stage in the increasing development of super tankers which, it is hoped, will help to lower the present high cost of transporting oil.

THE OILING DECK: A workman puts the finishing touches to the cat-walk which runs the length of the oiling deck of the *Spyros Niarchos*. Most of her cargo will consist of crude oil from the Persian Gulf for British refineries.

THE PRIDE OF A TANKER FLEET: The 47,750-ton super tanker was built for Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipowner, whose fleet now totals 1,600,000 tons. She is the largest merchant vessel to be built in Britain since the war.

PREPARING FOR AN INLAND SAILING SEASON ON THE THAMES: Yachts are being prepared at the Tamesis Club at Teddington. On extreme left, with sail No. 296, and in the left centre, sail No. 291, are two craft of the Merlin Rocket class. Teddington is popular for sailing.

YACHTING AT BOURNE END: 14-footers of the Upper Thames Yacht Club enjoy a fine breeze and fine weather on the river at Bourne End. The confined waters here require high standards and skill in sailing.

INLAND SAILING

The Popularity of the Sport Grows Rapidly Wherever There is Suitable Water

By UFFA FOX

INLAND water sailing is flourishing as never before. It has always been a great art, as a vessel on fresh water inland can always be kept in a higher state of perfection than one on the sea, where there are rude, rough, salt waters to scour the brightness of the varnish and enamel work.

Generally speaking, the inland water sailor is a more polished performer than his brother on the sea. He is as the "dry fly" fisher is to the sea fisher, even though the sea fisher catches a greater weight of fish and the sea sailor travels more miles. But the fascination of inland sailing will always be with us because of its great demands upon our skill. At sea, we can watch clouds and squalls building up and coming towards us and see the great wind on the waves from these squalls long before they arrive. Inland, these squalls are on us without warning.

The great strongholds of inland water sailing in the past have been the Upper Thames, which has delighted for centuries people in and around London; the Valley of the Trent, which has brought so much joy to the people of the Nottingham area; and the Norfolk Broads, to which people have come from all over the world. On the Upper Thames, as well as the numerous centreboard classes, we can still see the great white wings of the one-raters as they sweep along, in spite of their fifty years of age. The Trent and the Broads are other traditional strongholds of inland water sailing. But in the past few years a great change has come over the scene, for now, wherever there is water, there will be found people sailing on it—gravel pits, reservoirs, canals, ponds, all have their fleets and regattas and races.

Over a hundred years ago, the advent of the railway closed a great many small ports and also miles of canals. Until then, coal and other cargoes were brought through them. To-day, with the closing of the branch-line railways, some of these ports are already beginning to recover their vitality, and it may well be that the closing of various railways will, once more, bring the disused canals back to life and so increase the mileage of inland waterways. Then we shall see the white and coloured sails adding even more to the beauty of the landscape.

Both Oxford and Cambridge Universities have narrow, winding river courses which give tremendous sport in the winter. On them, in past years, I have known many hair-raising moments in gales.

One of the strongest of the inland clubs is the Ranelagh Sailing Club at Putney, in the South-West of London. The racecourse is between Putney and Hammersmith Bridges. Every week-end throughout the winter, hundreds of light, lively and exciting racing craft can be seen being handled to perfection over this wide stretch of the Thames tideway. In these championship races, will be found our finest small boat helmsmen. In the Midlands at Barnt Green Reservoir, Birmingham, doctors, dentists and artisans have all experienced the great joy of sailing for many years.

GOING OUT FOR A DIFFERENT SORT OF BOAT RACE AT PUTNEY: National 12-footers of the Ranelagh Sailing Club make ready for the start of a race from Putney Bridge, seen in the background, to Hammersmith Bridge. There are frequent contests on this course organised by one of the strongest of Britain's inland clubs.

INLAND SAILING IS POPULAR WITH SERVICEMEN: On the Welsh Harp, to the north of London, craft of the Firefly class round a buoy during the Royal Air Force sailing championships. The number of inland sailing enthusiasts is increasing every year in the Services and new civilian clubs are springing up throughout Britain.

There are many reasons for the increased popularity of inland water sailing. With its great demand for skill, it has always been a wonderful sport, but in days gone by, before the mechanical age reached its present peak, there was little time for leisure. The boats were often heavier and there were no motor-cars and trailers with which to transport them from one sailing centre to another. To-day on the roads we are continually meeting boats on trailers, lorries and even on the tops of cars. Further, since the wealth of the world is distributed more equitably, far more people are able to afford the sport.

These changes have made little difference to such inland sailing clubs as The Royal Windermere Yacht Club, founded in 1860. They still foster the 17-ft. restricted keel-type displacement yachts, which do not travel over land so easily as the more popular light centreboard racing craft. However, these latter craft are also to be seen on Windermere.

The light international sliding-seat canoe has always been considered the "dry fly" of sailing and the Royal Canoe Club still have their clubhouse and headquarters on the Upper Thames at Teddington. The Club is as strong as ever it has been in its history but, like the Royal Windermere Yacht Club, it has not increased in its activities and membership as have some of the newer clubs. I imagine the reason for this is that this delicate sliding-seat sailing canoe not only calls for a high state of perfection in sailing but is sailed single-handed, and very few of us like being alone in this world.

Last summer, a team of four canoes and canoeists went to try to bring back to this country the New York International Canoe Trophy. This is the trophy which Roger de Quincey and I won from the Americans and was successfully defended for twenty years over here. But the Americans took it back three years ago.

Away to the north, the Clyde Canoe Club has its clubhouse in Millarocky Bay, in the loveliness of Loch

THE PEACEFUL SURROUNDINGS OF THE UPPER AVON: Fishermen continue their sport as boats of the Avon Sailing Club come along the river at Twyning, between Pershore and Tewkesbury. Three National 12-footers are in front.

A TRADITIONAL CENTRE FOR INLAND SAILING: Yachts move along the Norfolk Broads, where for many years people have come from all over the world to enjoy the sport of inland sailing.

On right—
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE: Cadets of the Nautical Training College at Pangbourne, in Berkshire, handle their Firefly with skill and enthusiasm. Regular sailing on the Thames is part of the practical syllabus of their training for their profession.

CADET WEEK AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH: The craft race close together in a contest during the annual Cadet Regatta week in Essex. Events are open to young yachtsmen and yachtswomen, who eagerly enter in large numbers.

THE LONELY GRANDEUR OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS: A Firefly cuts into the strong breeze on Loch Earn, in Perthshire. On the hill behind are pylons of one of the Scottish hydro-electric schemes. Scotland has many flourishing inland sailing clubs.

ON TRANQUIL WATERS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT: White sails are reflected in the calm surface of Windermere. The boats belong to the 17-ft. Restricted class, which is an Open Design Class Keel Yacht. The scene is enhanced by the surrounding hills.

Lomond, and right in the middle of England the South Staffordshire Sailing Clubhouse has the marvellous address of Calf Heath Reservoir, Watling Street (on the Roman road driving north-west through the middle of England).

Some five years ago I discovered myself on the lovely lakes in the middle of Ireland, near Athlone, racing in the Firefly Championships of Ireland. It was blowing a gale and the rain in the hard squalls peppered the lake like gunshots. Some reefed, but I decided on full sail, many capsized, others carried away gear, but I managed to scramble home fourth, after an exacting and exciting race.

The waters of the Trent have given the sailing enthusiasts of the Nottingham area joy throughout the ages. A miniature of the silver Trent Inland Water Challenge Trophy has delighted my eyes since 1929 when, with that great helmsman Tom Thorneycroft as a team-mate, we wrested the trophy from its holders, the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, after a series of races on Oulton Broad, where George Borrow lived for a time in the last century.

In those days, the contests for the trophy were allowed only on inland waters which were non-tidal. I should like to see the old laws reapplied, so that we could have the joy of watching eight or ten teams, with two boats in each, racing, say, near London on the Welsh Harp, or near Sheffield on the great lake at Welbeck Abbey, or near Birmingham on the Barnt Green Reservoir, or with the Upper Thames Sailing Club at Bourne End. In such a contest, not only is sailing skill required, but also a great knowledge of all the racing rules, for on such confined waters, the boats are never free from the risk of collisions. On most occasions, the facts relating to rules are quickly established and once this is done, the decision as to who is right or wrong can be quickly reached.

There are many inter-club races and regattas held on inland waters throughout the year and some of the finest of our helmsmen have been developed on inland water sailing. This is not to be wondered at, as almost every university and school has its own sailing club. At Harrow there are the Argonauts, and Eton, too, has its sailing club. Even that illustrious Imperial Poona Yacht Club sends its teams to compete in inland water racing regattas.

Throughout the world, in Europe, Canada, America and Africa, the inland water sailors enjoy sailing. I imagine that one of the highest sailing courses is in India—the Naini Tal Yacht Club's course, high up in the hills.

Wherever inland sailors are found, they show great enthusiasm. Indeed, the construction of a new reservoir probably means the foundation of a new sailing club. Every year the numbers of the sailors are increasing. Statistically, for every ten men, seven women participate in the sport. Since inland sailing calls for delicate skill, the gentle sex wins far more than its proportionate share of the prizes.

Open-Air Academy

London Artists Display Their Work in Gardens by the Thames

THE ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION ON VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS: The pictures are critically examined by possible buyers. Many of the artists stand by and watch them, while one painter, at the seat in the foreground, continues to work. This display is organised by the London County Council for artists who cannot normally afford to exhibit in a more orthodox way. All the pictures are for sale, the transaction usually being carried out direct between the artist and the purchaser. The prices vary as much as do the styles of the exhibits, which range from the very conventional to the extremely unorthodox. Among those who visited the show on the first day was Mrs. Helen Bentwich, the Chairman of the L.C.C.

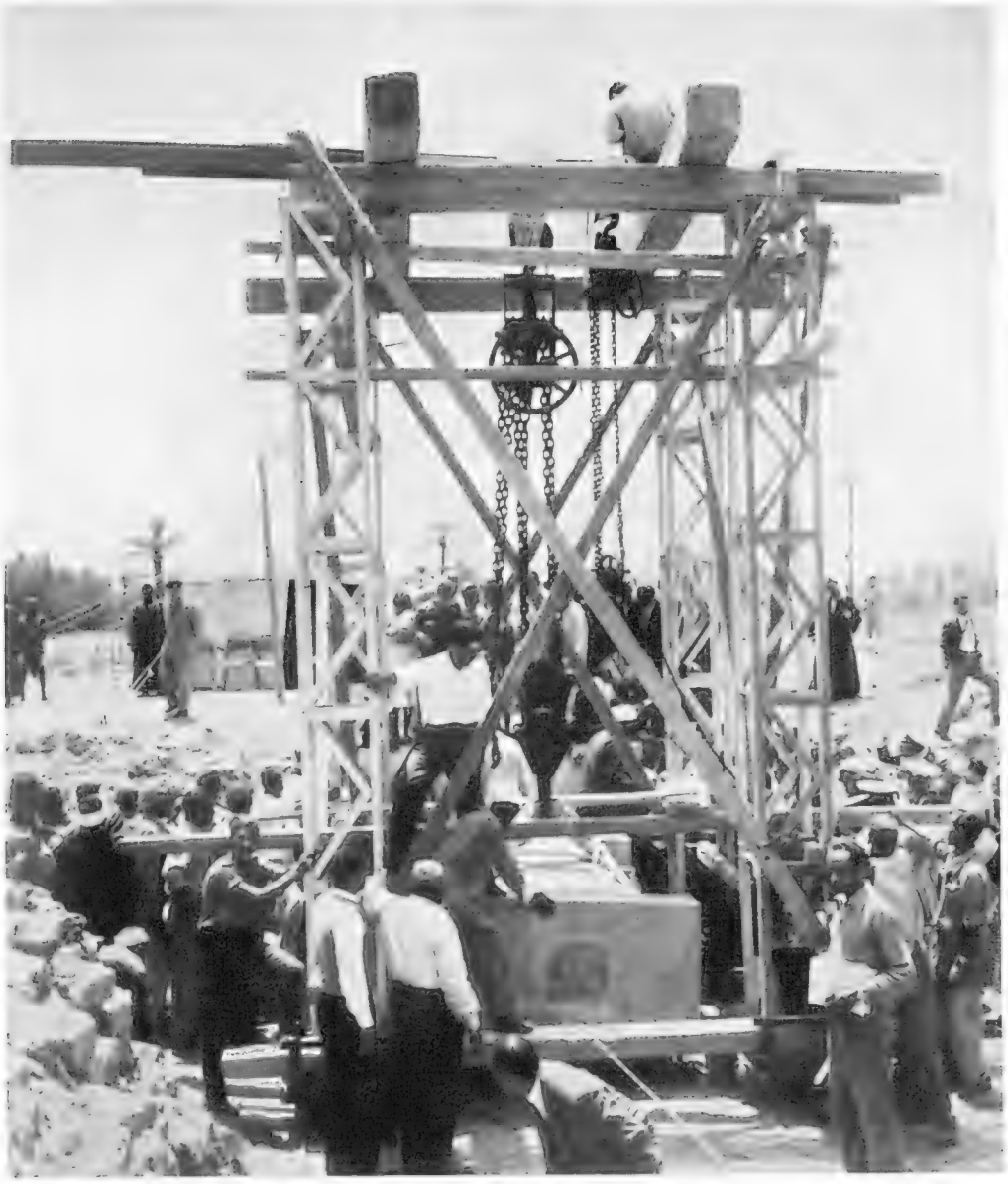
A LUNCH-TIME ATTRACTION FOR LONDON'S WORKERS: In fine weather the exhibition draws large crowds in the middle of the day and business can be very brisk. This year it has moved to a new site, west of Hungerford Bridge, in the background. Formerly it has been held east of the bridge.

WAITING FOR BUSINESS: Mrs. Anne Bulitis, of Hampstead, smokes a pipe as she sits with this group of exhibitors waiting for customers from those who are visiting the show behind them.

A SHOW WITHOUT A HANGING COMMITTEE: Any artist can exhibit in this Open-Air Academy and the positions for hanging are allocated on the system of "first come, first served."

A Princess's Tomb

The Sarcophagus of an Egyptian Princess is Found to be Empty when Opened at Fayoum



OPENING THE TOMB: With the aid of a system of blocks and pulleys erected over the sarcophagus, the massive stone lid is slowly raised. The tomb was opened in the presence of the Egyptian Minister of Education, but was found to contain nothing but a few jars and some shreds of gold.

The opening of a stone sarcophagus at Fayoum, thought to belong to Princess Neferu Ptah, has proved a great disappointment, for there was no trace whatsoever of a mummy. It is thought that the tomb was either the burial-place of her soul—a practice not uncommon amongst the Egyptians—or else an early tomb of the Princess which was later abandoned when her body was buried elsewhere.

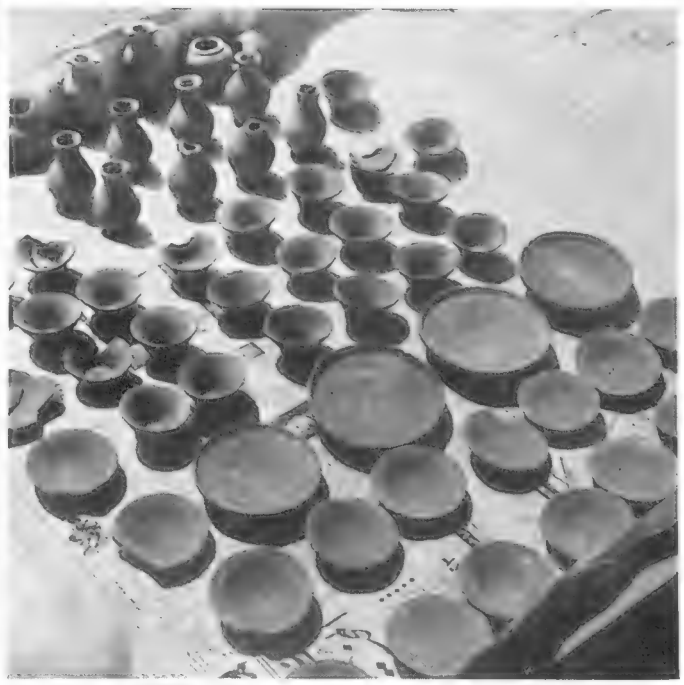
Princess Neferu Ptah was the daughter of the great Middle Empire King, Amenemhat III, who turned the Fayoum region from a barren desert into the green province it remains to-day. In 1889, Sir Flinders Petrie, investigating the pyramid of this king, found a smaller quartz sarcophagus, some alabaster vases and four canopic vases such as were used to hold the entrails of mummified corpses. All bore the name of Neferu Ptah, but there was no trace of her mummy. When two years ago Mr. Naguib Farag, the Inspector of Antiquities for the Province of Fayoum, found this second pyramid a little south of Amenemhat's, he believed that he had found the Princess's real tomb.

THE EMPTY COFFIN: A broken jar and a few fragments lie on the floor of the sarcophagus after the water which filled it had been pumped out. There was no trace at all of any body. Mr. Naguib Farag, Inspector of Antiquities for Fayoum, stated that possibly the tomb was only for the Princess's soul or else she had been reburied elsewhere at some later date.

On left—

BURIED TREASURE: These three silver jars with hieroglyphic markings were found in the vestigial pyramid which covered the tomb. They were unearthed during preliminary excavations after the discovery of the pyramid remains two years ago.

PUMPING OUT THE WATER: Egyptian archæologists use a motor-pump to drain the thick brown water which had seeped inside the tomb during the centuries. The scum which floated on the surface was collected in tumblers, together with the contents of a large vase, for analysis.



THE BURIAL OFFERINGS: Amongst the offerings found in the sarcophagus were these clay jars and dishes. The presence of the silver and gold confirms that the coffin has not been pillaged.

NEW HANGARS FOR B.O.A.C.: Three Boeing Stratocruisers used by the Corporation on the North Atlantic routes undergo maintenance inside one of the four new hangars situated in the B.O.A.C. headquarters at London Airport. The hangars are 336 ft. long, with a floor space of 188,000 sq. ft.

MAINTAINING AN AIR FLEET: The Component Repair and Overhaul Unit's engineering hall stretches for a length of 800 ft. inside the headquarters building. In the foreground are the engine power plant and propeller overhaul shops. Approximately 90 ft. wide, the hall houses some 800 engineering staff.

EXPANSION AT LONDON AIRPORT

B.O.A.C.'s New Chairman Takes Over; the £3,000,0) Headquarters Nears Completion and a Public Enclosure i Opened

The appointment of Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger as Chairman of B.O. C. follows the resignation of Sir Miles Thomas last month. His chairma hip is for an initial period of five years and will be on a part-time unpaid basis. Although it is expected, at least during the first few months, that the position will entail virtually full-time work. At the same time, the Ministry of Transpo and Civil Aviation announced the appointment of Sir George Cribbett, K.B. C.M.G., as full-time Deputy Chairman. As a result of these appointments here was much criticism in the House of Commons and Major-General Lord Rodd, part-time Deputy Chairman, resigned. He later withdrew his signation It was also announced that the appointment of Lord Burghley, who s been a part-time member of the Board during the past ten years, was not bei renewed.

Mr. d'Erlanger has been closely concerned with air transport since 934, when he became a director of the old Hillman's Airways. He later becam a director in British Airways, which merged just before the war with Imperial Airways to form B.O.A.C. He continued to serve on the Board of the latter C rporation until 1946, when he was invited to become managing director of he newly-created B.E.A.

Other changes have been taking place in B.O.A.C. on the material side. The £3,000,000 development scheme at London Airport is now in an adv nced stage and much of the huge headquarters building is already in operati n. When it is finally completed, it will house a staff of 4,000 workers. By cent alising the work originally carried out at Brentford, Filton (Bristol) and London Airport in the new building, it is hoped to economise on expenditure and increase the efficiency of both the administrative and technical sides of the Corporation. In addition to four huge hangars, each with a ground capacity of an acre, the headquarters will house offices, workshops, stores, canteens, restaurants, kitchens and club rooms. The entire building will occupy some seventeen acres.

Also recently opened at London Airport were the terraces and gardens which are to form a public enclosure on the roofs of the permanent passenger terminal. The enclosure is designed for visitors to the Airport who have hitherto been confined to the open-air grass enclosure some distance from the terminal buildings. These roof-top terraces include bars, snack buffets, bookstalls, souvenir shops and a children's playground. There will be accommodation for 10,000 people. From the top gallery visitors will be able to see the runways.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN TAKES OVER: Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger, the new part-time chairman of B.O.A.C. (left), chats with Sir George Cribbett, who is the full-time Deputy Chairman.

B.O.A.C.'S LONDON AIRPORT HEADQUARTERS: In the foreground of this view of the new headquarters is the staff and visitors' car-park. On the right face of the building are the East and South hangars. There are four such hangars included in the construction, each of which will house three of the Corporation's giant continental airliners. The face looking on to the car-park is made up of offices. Much of the £3,000,000 project is now in operation, and when it is completed will employ 4,000 workers.

ROOF-TOP TERRACES AT LONDON AIRPORT: The Public Enclosure for visitors at London Airport was opened to the public at the beginning of May. It consists of a series of terraces, suntraps and gardens on the roof-top of the permanent passenger terminal. The area will accommodate 10,000 visitors and its facilities include bars, snack buffets, bookstalls, souvenir shops and a children's playground. From the top gallery there is a fine view of the comings and goings of airliners and freight planes.

MAJORCAN HONEYMOON

Prince Rainier III of Monaco and his Bride, Princess Grace, Visit Palma on Board the Prince's Yacht

LEAVING THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE: Prince Rainier and his bride, the guests of honour, come down the steps from the Palace in Palma after the reception and dinner given by the Spanish Governor of the Balearic Islands.

AN INFORMAL MOMENT: Prince Rainier and his bride in conversation with their hosts after the official dinner in the 700-year-old Governor's Palace. They received an enthusiastic welcome when their yacht sailed into Palma.

SOUVENIR HUNTING IN PALMA: The newly-married couple leave one of the shops in Palma de Majorca while honeymooning on the island. The local authorities have given them a plot of land on the island on which to build a holiday villa.

MAJORCAN MOMENTS: The Bishop of Palma (second from right) says grace before the official dinner welcoming the honeymoon couple to Majorca. Next to him is Madame Alvarez Buylla, wife of the Civil Governor, then Prince Rainier and Madame Castejon, wife of the Governor. Princess Grace is seen in the centre on left beside the uniformed Capitaine-General Antonio Castejon. *On left*—Princess Grace and her husband cheer the matador at a bullfight they attended while visiting the island. They are in the President's loggia of the bull-ring at Palma de Majorca.

CONVERSATION-PIECE: Surrounded by their hosts the honeymoon pair take coffee after dinner. On the table is a photograph of General Franco, the head of the Spanish State. The Balearic Islands are a Spanish possession, with Majorca the largest of the group.

LUNCH WITH THE GOVERNOR: After their arrival in the capital of the Balearic Islands, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace were entertained to luncheon by the Governor. Later they were the guests of the Governor and his wife, Madame Castejon, at an official dinner.

COLONIAL COMEDY

A New Play by Noël Coward on the Stage in London

An island under British rule in the Pacific Ocean is the scene of Mr. Noël Coward's latest comedy, *South Sea Bubble*, at the Lyric Theatre in London. The Governor is Sir George Shotter (Ian Hunter). He is a Yorkshireman with up-to-date and progressive ideas on policy. His goal is for his small colony ultimately to achieve Dominion status. Opposition to this ideal comes not from his own staff, but from the natives. Their views are expressed by their local leader, Punalo Alani, an Old Etonian, who wishes things to remain as they are. In this part, which is one of Mr. Coward's most entertaining inventions, Alan Webb is brilliant.

There is never any danger of the politics becoming heavy. The Governor's wife, Lady Alexandra (Vivien Leigh), is egged on by her husband to use her charms on the native leader's son Hali (Ronald Lewis), a handsome but simple fellow. The comedy develops rapidly from this point, especially when Lady Alexandra is lured to the young man's hut on the beach. Commenting, as it were, throughout the plot in the light style of Mr. Coward are a visiting author, John Blair Kennedy (Arthur Macrae), with dry and witty views, Admiral Turling and his gossiping wife (Nicholas Grimshaw and Daphne Newton), Robert Frome, of the Police (Eric Phillips), and other inhabitants of the island. Under the direction of William Chappell the play is produced at the speed necessary for light and brittle comedy of this kind.

A SCENE IN "SOUTH SEA BUBBLE": Sitting from the left are Nicholas Grimshaw (in the part of Admiral Turling), Ian Hunter (Sir George Shotter), Eric Phillips (Robert Frome), Daphne Newton (Mrs. Turling), Joyce Carey (Cuckoo Honey) and Arthur Macrae (John Blair Kennedy). Standing at the back are John Moore (Edward Honey), on the left, and Peter Barkworth (Captain Christopher Mortlock). The new comedy by Noël Coward, about life and politics on a British island in the Pacific, is being performed at the Lyric Theatre in London.

On right—
THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE: Vivien Leigh, as Lady Shotter, the wife of the Governor of the island, sits with Arthur Macrae, in the part of Kennedy, on the verandah in *South Sea Bubble*.

AN OLD ETONIAN NATIVE: Alan Webb, playing Punalo Alani, stands on extreme left with Ronald Lewis, as his son Hali Alani. Centre to right are Arthur Macrae, Vivien Leigh and Ian Hunter. Punalo Alani is an elderly native leader who was educated at Eton.

DRAMA IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE: Ian Hunter (on left), Arthur Macrae and Vivien Leigh. The comedy turns on the plans of the progressive Governor, who is from Huddersfield, being opposed by the reactionary natives. The play is produced by William Chappell.

AN INCIDENT AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE: Eric Phillips (left) and Ian Hunter stand by the table at which Vivien Leigh and Arthur Macrae are sitting. The decor for the Noël Coward comedy is by Peter Snow.

A HOLIDAY IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

A Wide Range of Interests and Attractions, Linked with Magnificent Mountain Scenery, Makes this Swiss Region Highly Popular with British Visitors

By GORDON COOPER

IT is with good reason that the Bernese Oberland has gained for itself the position of being, in terms of numbers of visitors from Britain, the most popular Swiss holiday region. For there, within an area of some 1,800 square miles, the holiday-maker will find almost everything he could desire. In addition, Interlaken, its leading resort, is pre-eminent in its location and is a convenient starting-point for many fine excursions.

Little need be said about Interlaken itself. Situated on a narrow, flat strip of land between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, its outstanding scenic appeal comes from the distant, pale-gleaming Jungfrau, which symmetrically fills the gap between the advancing foothills. This is one of Switzerland's most famous picture-postcard views. The town itself has, of course, much of everything that tourists demand, a large number of hotels, fine shops, banks and travel offices, restaurants, cafés, tea-rooms, night-spots, the usual Kursaal. A free local *Guide of Interlaken* is available from the local official travel office, also a list of coming events, some of which are on quite an elaborate scale. You are hardly likely, in fact, to feel bored from lack of entertainment in the evenings.

Regarding Interlaken's surroundings so much could be said that any attempt to give a full description would quickly degenerate into counsels of confusion. I will do my best, therefore, to sort clearly the region's hundred-and-one attractions, eliminating about ninety of the less important ones.

Not far from Interlaken are the lakes of Thun and Brienz, the former being the bluer and more picturesque of the two, the latter the gateway to some magnificent passes. The entire perimeter of Lake Thun is dotted with towns and resorts, but those on the northern shore are sheltered from the prevailing winds and bask in this littoral's self-chosen but appropriate name, the Bernese Riviera. Hilterfingen (with a sailing school), Oberhofen and Merlingen are all attractive Riviera resorts, while nearer to Interlaken is Beatenbucht, whence a cable railway ascends to Beatenberg, a delightful holiday centre which is situated on a rising mountain terrace covered with woods, and affording an uninterrupted view of a silver chain of mountains, with the Jungfrau in their centre. This is a recommended spot for those who like walking.

At the far, western end of the lake is Thun, a picturesque, historical town. Like Berne, it has its arcades, and the town's distant view of the Bernese peaks is almost as fine as Interlaken's. Along the south side of the lake runs the main railway line and a motor highway, while like the northern side, its resorts are served by the neat little steamers which maintain a frequent service. Spiez is the leading resort on this southern shore, and it is also the starting-point of two exquisite railway journeys: across and through the mountains to Brigue, by the Lötschberg Railway, passing Frutigen (railhead for Adelboden), Kandersteg and other delectable spots; and to Montreux, on Lake Leman, by the Montreux–Oberland–Bernese railway—Zweisimmen, Lenk and Gstaad are three of the leading resorts reached by this line.

Except for the charming resort of Iseltwald, on the south side of Lake Brienz, there is no other place which I would recommend for a stay. Brienz itself, a mere large village, is Switzerland's chief centre of wood-carvers, and the local shops are full of those kinds of souvenirs which tourists love to take home with them.

From Brienz it is not far to Meiringen, in the Hasli Valley, an excellent excursion centre and the starting-point for the Three Passes trip (Susten–Furka–Grimsel). This is one of the most spectacular road journeys in Switzerland, besides giving in many places fine views of a wonder of engineering. This excursion should not be missed.

It may not be out of place to say a few words about excursions. When abroad, I have often found that British visitors are inclined to be haphazard in the trips they make. Many apparently just take the advice of their hall porter, who invariably gets a commission on the sale of tickets; rather naturally, he usually recommends the most expensive tours. Nor is it advisable to duplicate one type of tour, for you can have a surfeit of similar scenery. Make up your mind, then, to stick to one road excursion, one mountain ascent, one trip on a lake, etc. By doing so you will get far more enjoyment. Bear in mind, too, that travel on the Swiss postal motor coaches is invariably cheaper than going on an organised tour, and it is just as convenient. Also, never be induced to buy tickets for excursions before leaving home. Always make your arrangements on the spot.

To return to Meiringen. This is a village of several attractions. There is an interesting church and a quaint museum. A short walk leads to the Aareschlucht, as deep and narrow a gorge as any river in the world has managed to cut. A wooden gallery has been built and attached to the rock wall for the whole length of the gorge, which is well over a mile.

Meiringen has also the Reichenbach Falls, over which, as every Conan Doyle admirer knows, Sherlock Holmes fell to his death, only to be revived later when the author's clamorous public would not let its hero pass away so easily.

The southern exits from Interlaken are, perhaps, the most important of all. Whether your goal is Lauterbrunnen, Mürren, Wengen or Grindelwald, you will find yourself among some of the best-known scenery in Switzerland, with the dominating Jungfrau almost always in sight. The Jungfrau's name, incidentally, has nothing fanciful about. The mountain is no snowy virgin, but it happened that the cows of a nunnery used to be pastured at its base. By a chain of chance the nuns gave their name to the mountain.

Lauterbrunnen lies in such a narrow valley that it suffers from lack of sunshine during part of the day. It is famous for its waterfalls, especially the Staubbach ("Dust Brook"), a thousand-foot ribbon of spray. This fall has been praised highly by many poets, including Goethe, Byron and Wordsworth, but you may well be disappointed in it, unless you see it under perfect conditions. Two miles further up the valley the more impressive Trummelbach Falls burst from a cavernous mouth in the rocky wall, not like dust, but like a giant jet from some dam built by Titans.

Mürren is my own personal, first choice of all the beauty spots in the Bernese Oberland, perhaps in Switzerland. Its incomparable green shelf is placed squarely opposite the Bernese Alps. The quiet isolation is a change from the scurry of the lower and larger places, and the deep fir forests and gentian carpets are real pleasures. This resort has long been a favourite with British visitors, both in summer and winter, so that the local hotels know well how to cater for our tastes.

INTERLAKEN, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND: The town "between the lakes" lies on a narrow strip of low-lying land with the waters of Thun and Brienz on its flanks. It is the social and tourist centre of the Bernese Oberland.

Wengen looks across a deep valley at Mürren. It is also a delightful resort nestling on the slopes of the Scheidegg, and from it there are exceptionally fine views of the Jungfrau and other great mountains. The railway which brings you to Kleine Scheidegg passes through Wengen, and it is at the former that you change on to the Jungfrau Railway. This takes you, through a 5-mile tunnel, to Jungfraujoch, the highest point attained by any railway in Europe. If the day is fine, this excursion is outstanding, but if the mountains are heavy with clouds, think twice before making the quite costly trip, for you will see little at the top except the hotel, and your money will have been largely wasted.

Kleine Scheidegg (6,770 ft.) offers wild and grand scenery. A first-class hotel, with a terrace from which frequent ice-falls and avalanches may be seen across the valley, makes this ridge worth a visit. I doubt, however, whether you would want to make a prolonged stay there unless you are a mountaineer.

From Kleine Scheidegg you can return to Interlaken by a different route, calling at Grindelwald on the way. This popular resort is neighbour to majestic mountains and two large and celebrated glaciers. It is traversed by a mountain torrent and in the early summer the countryside is gay with wild flowers. There are facilities for various kinds of open-air activities including horse-riding. The most popular ascent from Grindelwald is that of the Faulhorn. The mountain monarch of the scene is the Wetterhorn, or "Peak of storms," raising its majestic knife-edged peaks to a height of nearly two miles above the upper glacier. Another famous peak in this locality is the Schreckhorn. In fact, for mountain-lovers especially, Grindelwald holds a premier position. I should point out, however, that it is also a popular centre with the large travel agents, a possible deterrent for those who like, when on foreign holiday, to escape from their compatriots.

Further information regarding the Bernese Oberland can be obtained through your travel agent or from the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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Reviews: The Michelin Guide (1956 edition) is now on sale at 22s., but judging from previous years it will soon be sold out, so don't delay getting your copy of this mine of tourist and gastronomic information for France. Particularly useful is the list of restaurants where a "well prepared meal" can be obtained for not more than 700 francs in all. For the motorist especially, this guide is an essential.

Another practical book for travellers in France is the *Guide des Hôtels—Logis de France*. It cannot, as yet, be purchased in this country but can be obtained by sending ten International Reply Coupons to the Fédération Nationale des Logis de France, 26, rue d'Artois, Paris, 8e. It lists a thousand hotels, mostly off the beaten track, which have agreed to adhere to the printed inclusive prices. Each establishment has been officially approved and in some of them pension prices are as low as £1 a day; many, too, offer half-pension, while rates are quoted for rooms and separate meals. This guide to the Logis provides a wide range of ideas for those who seek quiet spots in which to holiday.

BY SEA TO HOLLAND

THE SEA ROUTE TO HOLLAND: The motor-vessel *Koningin Emma* is one of the two ships of the Zeeland Steamship Company which make daily sailings between Harwich and the Hook of Holland. Her sister-ship is the M.V. *Prinses Beatrix*. The night service is run by British Railways.

The year 1956 is Rembrandt Year in Holland. The 250th anniversary of the great artist's birth is being celebrated by various commemorative exhibitions in Amsterdam and Rotterdam. There are, however, many other attractions to lure the holiday-maker to this peacefully beautiful land. The Dutch, too, are staunch friends of Britain. The journey there and back by sea, whether by the night service (British Railways) or the day service (Zeeland Steamship Company), is comfortable and pleasant. The day service is maintained by the two motor-vessels *Prinses Beatrix* and *Koningin Emma*, and this season the passenger accommodation has been enlarged and improved, particularly in the interests of passengers travelling second class.

THE SECOND-CLASS PROMENADE DECK: The passenger accommodation on the two Dutch motor-vessels has been enlarged and improved, particularly in the interests of passengers travelling second class.

In both the vessels the second-class dining-room has been rearranged to seat an additional forty passengers. Other improvements have been made with regard to the cloakroom facilities for hand baggage. The existing cloakroom capacity on board the motor-vessels will be enlarged by the addition of a spacious cloakroom in the second class, which will bring the total capacity of the cloakroom on each ship to over 600 pieces of hand baggage. These improvements will be ready well in time for the 1956 holiday season.

Not least of the attractions of the day crossing is that on arrival at the Hook there are train connections to every city and large town in Holland, so that you can reach your destination the same evening.

TELEMARK, IN SOUTHERN NORWAY

Photographs by J. ALLAN CASH

The Telemark country of Norway is a region of forest-covered mountains, lakes, rivers, waterfalls and cultivated valleys. It lies south-west of Oslo and covers a considerable area. One of the main roads from Oslo to Bergen runs through this part, entering it just west of Kongsberg. At Bolkesjö the road is in the heart of the hills, typical Telemark country, with dense forests, rich farmlands in the valleys, and lakes gleaming in the sunlight far down among the dark pines.

Motoring in this country is sheer joy. The roads are good, if somewhat dusty, and less winding than those in the fjord country. They rise and fall through the forests, often threading for miles alongside the rushing waters of the rivers. The many waterfalls look their best in June and July, when the snows are melting higher up and filling the rivers to capacity.

The most direct route runs through Sauland and Morgedal to Dalen, on Lake Bandak. All the country south of this road, with its lakes and rivers and hills, is part of Telemark, right down to a short strip along the coast either side of Kragero.

There is an extensive area north of the road, too, taking in half the Hardangervidda, a vast, almost trackless fjell region where the snow lingers in patches right into July. There is another road north of the direct route which makes a big loop into the edge of this fjell district.

Dalen is a pretty little village at the head of Bandak Lake. If you have stuck to the main road you will have passed the delightful "stave" church at Eidsborg. Then follows a hair-raising drop down to the lake shore, a twisting snake of a road on a steep hillside among tall pine trees.

From Dalen to Amot and then westwards to Vinje and Haukeligrend, the country becomes steadily more rugged. The next twenty miles are the wildest of all, for here we are really on the Hardangervidda. In early July ice is still floating on the lakes and much snow on the mountainsides.

Haukeliseter is at the western edge of Telemark and beyond this we are entering the fjord country again, with its glaciers and high mountains rising almost vertically out of the long, narrow inlets. At Haukeliseter there is a good tourist hotel, and it is a favourite stopping-place for travellers, either for lunch or a night's rest. It is a peaceful spot, despite the rugged nature of its surroundings. The Norwegians speak affectionately of their Telemark country, and they visualise, when they think of it, the wide variety of scenery that is included within its boundaries.

A LAND OF TREES AND WATER: A typical stretch of Telemark country near Lofthus, consisting of innumerable lakes, pine forests and towering mountains. For a long time Telemark was hidden away from the rest of Norway and the people have preserved many old crafts and customs.

THE HILLSIDE HOTEL: The Bolkesjö Hotel, originally a large farmhouse, is situated high up in the hills in the eastern region of Telemark.

A LAKESIDE FARMHOUSE: A mountain farm, surrounded by green pine slopes, lies on the edge of the lake at Morgedal. Apart from being a farming area the Morgedal region is known as the "Home of Ski-ing."

BY ROAD ABOVE THE LAKES: Lake Bandak seen from the road dropping down to Dalen. Small canal steamers also go through to Dalen, where buses are available to the majority of the Telemark resorts and beauty spots.

THE SHELTERED PLAINS: One of the many valleys in this area which lie encircled by sheltering mountains in the region above Nutheim. Because of the ruggedness of the terrain, Telemark was for long secluded from the rest of Norway, as the costumes and dialects of the people witness.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

DARDANELLES BATTLEFIELDS

A Magnificent Book on Gallipoli ; The Petrovs' Own Story ; A Biography of Stanley, the Explorer ; Two Novels about Australia and Other New Fiction

THE Gallipoli campaign remains a matter for controversy, sometimes heated and sometimes bitter, even after more than forty years, and may so continue for another forty at least. But now there has appeared a book which must surely become the chief and most authoritative work of reference on the matter, as it is the most comprehensive.

GALLIPOLI (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) is the work of a man who was one of the most brilliant war correspondents in the 1939-45 war, but who was an infant at the time of the events in the present book. Mr. Alan Moorehead, in compiling what I regard as a magnificent work of historical importance, has been able to consult the private papers of Mustapha Kemal, of General Sir Ian Hamilton, the Commander-in-Chief, and the British, Turkish and German records. He has visited and revisited the battlefields and the landing-places, and he has made himself familiar with the physical features of the fighting ground, as well as with the facts of the battle strategy. It can be said, not that he knows as much about Gallipoli as if he had been there with his Anzac compatriots, but that he knows far more. With the perspective of time and his acquired knowledge, he gives a picture of the whole campaign such as has never been shown before.

EMPIRE OF FEAR (Andre Deutsch. 18s.) brings us back to one of the grimmest aspects of the present-day world. This is their own story told by the Petrovs, the Russian couple who were career officers in the M.V.D., and both in responsible positions in their Embassy at Canberra when they decided to renounce Communism and remain in Australia. Vladimir Petrov left Canberra first, ostensibly on a mission, and disappeared into safe anonymity in Sydney, while his wife, Evdokia, decided to return to Moscow, where they were both due, and where she feared for the lives of her family. She had no knowledge of her husband's whereabouts and it was not until she reached Darwin, the last air-stop in Australia, under armed Russian guard, that she was able to speak to him on the telephone and make up her mind to stay in a free country.

The story, as we have read it in newspapers, is a dramatic one : the virtual imprisonment in the Russian Embassy, the armed Russian guards who pulled Mrs. Petrov into the aircraft, the enormous crowd at Sydney airport who demonstrated against her companions, the disarming of these gunmen at Darwin, Mrs. Petrov's final reunion with her husband and their evidence before the Royal Commission. What emerges for the ordinary reader like myself is something far more dramatic : the Petrovs' own admissions that it took them many months to adjust themselves to a reasonably free way of life without suspicion of every single person they met. One small incident illustrates this with frightening clarity. Mrs. Petrov, some time after her return to Sydney, assumed that one of the Australian Security Officers whom she and her husband frequently saw, and who was always addressed by his colleagues as "Jack," must be working under an assumed name, as in Russia. "It was months later that I met him and found that his name really was Jack."

One day in 1871 two men met in a remote African village, a stocky young man walked up to an older, pale and bearded figure, took off his hat, bowed, held out his hand and said : "Dr. Livingstone, I presume ?" It was an ironic, even a tragic fate for him that Stanley never was able through the rest of a long and distinguished life to live down this phrase, banal even by Victorian standards, or—which was worse—to understand what made people laugh about it. Mr. Ian Anstruther has written of Stanley's triumph and disaster in an extremely readable volume, I PRESUME (Bles. 18s.). It puts one in a fair way to appreciating the career of a man whose cruel childhood and subsequent courage and independence never—till now—have quite erased that odd, stiff phrase.

Mr. Willard Price is an explorer of our own days and, for the most part, in far more comfortable circumstances. It seems that this American traveller had visited seventy countries in his life before he set his sights on Polynesia, and ADVENTURES IN PARADISE (Heinemann. 21s.) is his account of his journeyings through those Pacific islands. Told mostly in laconic but revealing journal entries, this book will tell you even more about the South Seas than Nordhoff and Hall did.

"WE" AND ME (W. H. Allen. 21s.) is a volume of reminiscences by Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott, who is one of this country's great editors and is here writing about his kind. The four editors he has chosen are

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION SERVICE FOR ARTISTS IS REVIVED : Sir Albert Richardson, the President of the Royal Academy, on right, talks with Mr. Lawrence Dale, the architect, after the service. The pre-war tradition was revived at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, last week when the sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

J. A. V. Spender of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Westminster Gazette*, Edmund Garrett, who became editor of the *Cape Times*, H. W. Massingham of the *Star*, *Daily Chronicle* and *The Nation*, and Ernest Parke, a Warwick man who, like many good editors, lived to an advanced age, and in his time "went cheerily to gaol for a good cause." Mr. Robertson Scott, now in his ninetieth year, also writes about his founding and editing of *The Countryman*, that distinguished journal which he ran from the Cotswolds. I seem to remember that the poet said : "Ripeness is all." This book reminds one of the intellectual vigour that may be allied to that.

THE BRIDGEBURN DAYS (Gollancz. 16s.) is the story of a little girl brought up in a foster home—or "institution"—in the North of England till the day when she was eighteen and, in the early 1930's, went out to the domestic service for which she had been trained, just as the boys in the place had been trained as "farmers' lads." As Miss Lucy Sinclair writes it, the theme is poignant, personal and, quite evidently, autobiographical to a great degree. No one from an outside life could have written with such understanding and, amazingly, with so little bitterness, of a hard existence in which compassion could be ranked among the rare luxuries.

That life is real and life is earnest is no news to anybody nowadays, but it does sometimes occur to one that, for the younger novelists, life is also extremely glum—at least in the way they project it in their writing. Take, for example, Mr. David Unwin, who writes very well indeed when he is not over-writing, and whose second novel is A VIEW OF THE HEATH (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.).

Mr. Unwin writes of a dilapidated house in Hampstead occupied by an artist, his son and a fairly new wife (top floor), a retired, middle-aged colonial administrator and his desiccated wife (middle floor), and a Central European couple with three small daughters (semi-basement). A depressing kind of General Post takes place between them all, ending with two violent deaths and a birth, and yet, somehow, no real solution.

Mr. John Metcalfe is one of the English authors now living in the United States, but his novel, MY COUSIN GEOFFREY (Macdonald. 15s.), shows little either of the crispness or romanticism for which American writing is often known. Instead, it is a fairly gloomy story about a boy brought up by his uncle and rather unhealthily dominated by his cousin.

In Ireland, of course, these things are differently ordered and one can't help feeling that they have more fun in the process. Miss Honor Tracy, for instance, has taken the title of her new novel from that authentic fragment of an Irish sermon, in which the good priest declaimed that "What we have to do, my dear brethren, is stay on the straight and narrow path between right and wrong." Indeed, the characters in this high-spirited tale do some remarkable balancing acts to achieve such a course. THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) is all about a small Irish village, the parish priest, the local lord, a brace of solicitors and others who might have been stock characters and miraculously aren't.

The next two novels could be said to have Australia as a background or, more exactly, to have Australia and its growth as their theme. THE TREE OF MAN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is Mr. Patrick White's story of a young couple, their homestead, their family and the growing city that brings neighbours to them and finally surrounds them. It has a kind of lyricism about it and a "spirit of place" that D. H. Lawrence would have recognised.

THE MARTYR (Bles. 12s. 6d.) gives a picture of an earlier Australia, when a boy of fifteen might be transported there for a life sentence and rise to be, later, an eminent figure in Melbourne. I liked Miss Susan Gillespie's restrained but eloquent style, and found this family saga very satisfying.

Hans Werner Richter writes of nine people, men and women, whose fortunes and miseries he traces through the years after September 1, 1939. They are Estonian, Czech, Russian, Spanish, Polish and German by nationality but differentiated far more by their consciences—or lack of them—than by the accident of birth. THEY FELL FROM GOD'S HAND (Harrap. 15s.) has been sympathetically conceived.

Mr. Simon Harcourt-Smith's agreeable fantasy THE HEART OF A ROSE (Constable. 15s.) is set in nineteenth-century Venice and is highly civilised in its manner.

FRANCE IN THE THROES

A Survey of the Calamitous Years

IT is that robust and controversial figure Mr. Khrushchev, so lately in our midst, who has summed up the French by saying "France is a charming country, only the French can never make up their minds about anything. We like people to be our friends or enemies. We don't like wobblers." That is a harsh, certainly immature, and far too downright judgment, but the germ of truth that lies within it makes it all the more damaging. A balanced assessment of France's position in the modern world must be immensely difficult, and perhaps hardly within the scope of one writer. However, Alexander Werth has attempted it. In FRANCE, 1940-1955 (Robert Hale. 35s.), he surveys in masterly fashion the partly tragic, partly tragi-comic history of the last fifteen years, years that Sir Winston Churchill has labelled as "this hideous epoch." For France this has been a period of torment and indecision, but Mr. Werth has shown where the root cause of that indecision lies. It is clearly his view that it does not lie where Mr. Khrushchev so positively places it, but rather in a reluctance to become too deeply involved either with Russia or with the United States in the dangerous game of the "Cold War." If France has been over-cautious in this respect, Mr. Werth shows that she has been positively reckless in her colonial policy. Her treatment of the great Muslim peoples of North Africa is obviously not easy to excuse. In over 700 closely-packed pages Mr. Werth has told the story of a nation that has still not relinquished its ancient greatness, and which may be on the threshold of a new greatness that may well be expressed in a modern and more mature sense.

There is probably no better loved city than London. That is not simply because she is large in population, and certainly not because she is entirely beautiful. London is not all glamour, as we well know ; she has many faults. There is an ugly side to her ; she spreads her ample charms far and wide across the basin of the Thames ; but she is an intensely human city, full of vitality, and ever-changing in her aspect though not in the character of her people. It is very much in the vein of an enthusiast that Dorothy Margaret Stuart has written her LONDON THROUGH THE AGES (Methuen. 15s.). It is the story of London, her people and her fortunes, the humble and the great, the tragic and the gay, from the first coming of the Romans to the last days of World War II. It is a chronicle packed with incident and colour. In the very first chapter the bare details of our knowledge of Roman London take on vitality and significance. We see the haunt of the huge antlered red deer, the wild duck, and the heron on the northern shore of the Thames Estuary emerging as a thriving settlement of low huts, built of turf and thatched with wicker, clustering together to make the small but important settlement of Londinium. Much of the author's information on Roman London is coloured by the results of post-war excavation in the blitzed areas of the City. She writes with no less authority on medieval, Restoration, Victorian and modern times, showing the gathering pace of life in the vast congested metropolis as the gas-lit era gave way to the era of electricity. This is a truly delightful book for young and old. One can hazard a guess that it is destined to fall into the hands of many young Londoners when the summer season of school prize-givings is in full spate.

On November 1, 1755, the rich and famous City of Lisbon endured the loss and the horrors occasioned by a shattering earthquake in which the Tagus burst its banks and a terrible fire ravaged the central portion of the town. In all, about 15,000 people lost their lives. In THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE (Methuen. 21s.) Sir Thomas Kendrick, Director of the British Museum, has written a most graphic and altogether remarkable account of this historic event. More than that, he has placed it in the perspective of the times, showing the profound shock of the civilised world at learning of the news and the heart-searching that resulted. Even in an age when news travelled slowly, it seems that the disaster in Lisbon was swiftly known and felt throughout Europe.

Mr. R. J. C. Atkinson, Lecturer in Prehistory in the University of Edinburgh, makes use of a great deal of new knowledge acquired in the past two decades in presenting his account of STONEHENGE (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.). The purpose of his book is to present to the ordinary reader the results of excavations carried out since 1950 and at the same time giving a comprehensive account of this famous monument.

Cherry Kearton's fame as a pioneer in wild-life photography will long be remembered. Mrs. Ada Kearton shared many of her famous husband's adventures in three continents. Now she sets down her own vivid impressions. ON SAFARI (Robert Hale. 16s.) is a far from conventional account of more than twenty years of breath-taking travel.

J. F. Lipscomb's WE BUILT A COUNTRY (Faber and Faber. 15s.) is a must for all who wish to study the settler community problem in Kenya. The author writes with great authority on a vexed question—an authority deriving from thirty-five years of living in Kenya. Everything he says commands respect if it does not win ready agreement.

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THE MAIN ARENA FOR THE 1956 OLYMPIC GAMES: Work is now nearing completion to increase the accommodation round the famous cricket ground in Melbourne. Here the opening and closing ceremonies of the Olympic Games will be held and the semi-finals and finals of many events decided. There should be room for over 100,000 spectators. *On left*—The Olympic village, where 6,000 athletes and officials will stay, begins to take shape. The large flat-roofed buildings in the centre are the athletes' dining-rooms. Around them are some of the 850 houses and flats for living quarters.

OLYMPIC STADIUMS

The Stage is Nearly Set in Melbourne for the 1956 Games

In six months' time the Olympic Games start on November 22 in Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, in Australia. Preparations are now well advanced to receive the great influx of competitors and spectators. Melbourne is fortunate in having a magnificent sporting arena—the cricket ground—near the centre of the city. Extra stands and seats are being added so that the greatest possible number will be able to see the spectacles of the opening and closing ceremonies and finalists contesting for their medals. For the preliminary events two arenas are being built nearby. With them are also a cycling track, a football field and an indoor swimming bath in a building of very modernistic shape. For the competitors and officials—there will be some 6,000 of them—an Olympic village is being constructed. Buildings are being brightly painted and by next November they will be surrounded by trees and shrubs. The accommodation includes a shopping centre, a concert hall and a laundry, as well as a medical centre.

On left—
THE SPORTS CENTRE: This is being specially built. Left foreground is the indoor swimming bath of unorthodox design. Behind it is the combined athletics track and football field. Then side by side are the cycling track (left) and the general purposes sports field.

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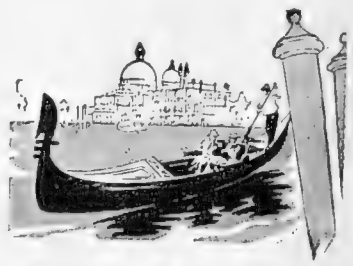

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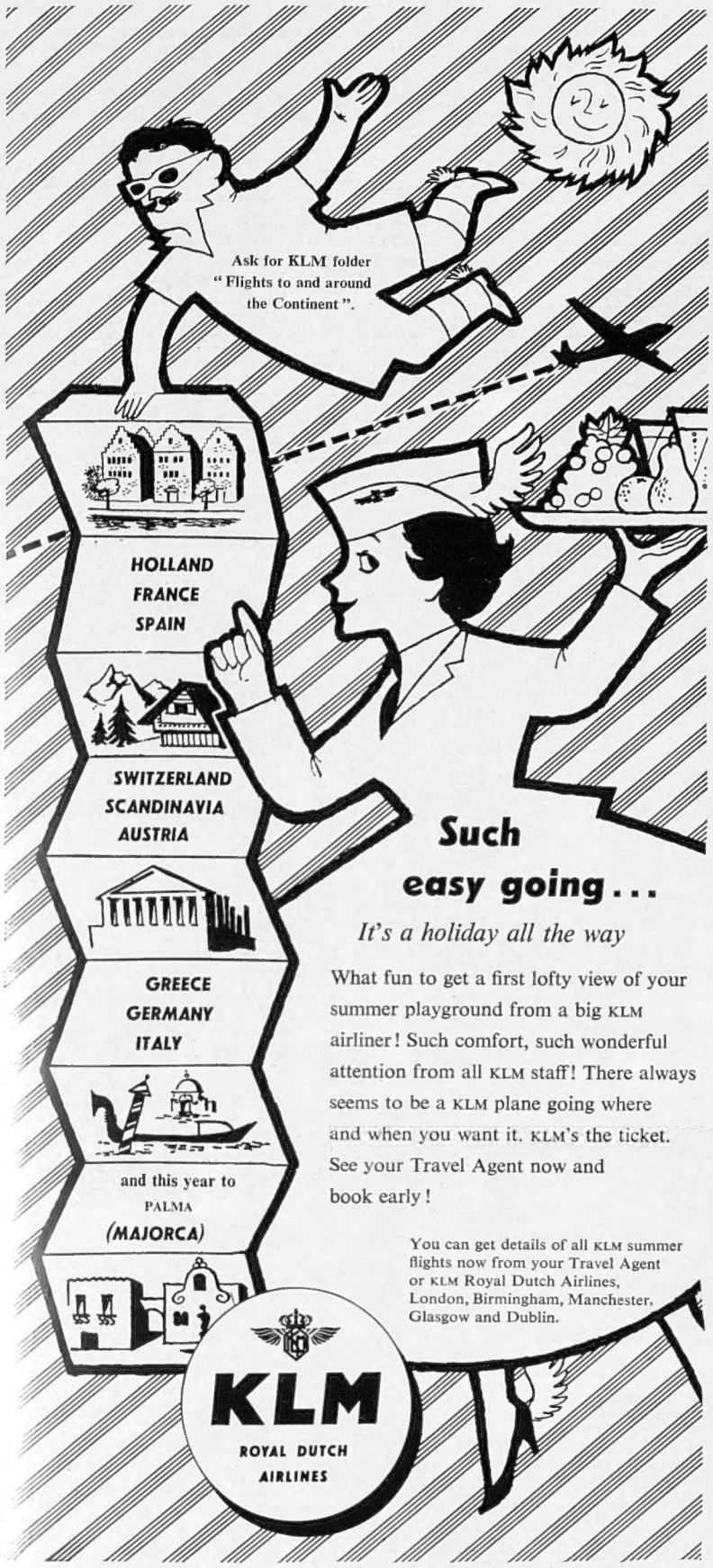

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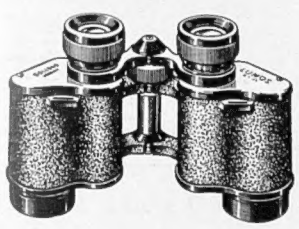

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TWELVE TO FOLLOW. It is customary for racing correspondents to give a list of twelve horses to follow at the commencement of each season. This week I am going to go further than the tipsters of horses by giving you twelve hotels that are all winners in their respective classes.

Bournemouth, The Carlton Hotel.—There may be other five-star category hotels more glamorous in their amenities, dance bands, squash courts, swimming-pools and the like, but for comfort, cuisine and room service by day or night you will not better this as a seaside hotel. I doubt whether there is another hotel in the country which can claim a 98 per cent. occupancy all the year round. No cocktail bar, but licensed for residents and non-residents taking meals.

Hove, The Dudley Hotel.—Had this hotel a hundred bedrooms it would, in my view, qualify for a five-star appointment. It is absolutely first-class in every department. I have known Mr. and Mrs. Kung, its Swiss resident proprietors, for over twenty years; now, with their son, Freddie, coming into the business, The Dudley will always catch the shrewdest judge's eye.

Ferndown, Dorset, The Dormy Hotel.—What a classic among country-house hotels, and what a tribute to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes, who have developed it into what it is to-day. Renowned for its high standards of catering, furnished fittingly to tune in with its lovely surroundings, it is an all-season hotel, with the Ferndown 18-hole golf course at the garden gate.

Studland Bay, Dorset, Knoll House Hotel.—I do not know any other hotel of its kind in this country where young children and their parents are so fully catered for. Commander Chris Smith, its founder and still active owner, has the advantage of position, but from the outset he understood the needs of young parents and their offspring. Would there were a few more Knoll House type of hotels dotted around the country.

Newquay, Cornwall, Hotel Bristol.—Among the larger hotels of this popular Cornish resort I consider The Hotel Bristol as No. 1. Open all the year round, I have never known its high standard vary, winter or summer. The secret is that it is personally run by the Young family, who have every cause for being so hotel-proud.

Shap, Shap Wells Hotel.—This is a good each-way bet—that is, whether you are travelling to Scotland or from it. Situated ¾-mile off the A.6, about half-way between Kendal and Penrith, it is a welcoming hotel whatever the weather. Let it be recorded that it never lets down on its value whatever the month. Centrally heated, with fifty bedrooms and the moors around, it has everything to attract the sportsman.

Waddington, Eaves Hall Hotel.—Among country-house hotels, this may well be numbered with the best. Two miles from Clitheroe, it is gracious in its architecture and furnishings and generous in its amenities. If you are looking for peace, friendliness, the contentment of good food and a surprisingly unspoilt countryside, you can, in racing parlance, "put your money on" this hotel and be well paid out in kind.

Marlow, The Compleat Angler.—There are many hotels on or adjoining the banks of Old Father Thames. Some have been fashionable in their day, others on the score of eating and drinking are consistently in favour; but if I had to name a first-class hotel at which to stay on Thames-side, The Compleat Angler would be my suggestion. The operative word in all bedrooms, well designed for sleep and adornment, is completeness. The catering is excellent, the service friendly and efficient, and I would match it for comfort with any Continental hotel of its size and standing.

Shurdington, near Cheltenham, Greenway Hotel and Club.—For the transient visitor, this hotel must be classed in the "handicap" class. It is unlicensed except for club members and it has but eighteen bedrooms, which are always in great demand; so the prospective caller should apply at least forty-eight hours ahead to be eligible for temporary membership, and often longer still to get a bedroom. We have always found everything wonderful here. Though a high standard of catering is what The Greenway is best known for locally, take it from me one cannot fault this hotel.

Burford, The Lamb Inn.—Among my twelve hotels to follow I feel I must include a typical English inn. Here I was in difficulties, for I could have chosen from the village pub or an inn of a higher category where the traveller to Britain could appreciate the peace and the plenty of the countryside. From a residential and "chance meal" point of view, I do not think one could do better than take our overseas visitors to The Lamb, be they Russians, Prussians or from Pennsylvania. Situated in Sheep Street, it is not only picturesque but has such a pleasant personality. Once again, the secret of this inn is that the owners, Mr. and Mrs. North Lewis, personally run it with their son to help them. A grand little inn, with its old beams, flagged floors, period furniture and modern amenities.

Compton, near Godalming, The Withies.—Once just an insignificant country ale-house, Landlord Huddle, with his wife, has converted this tucked-away inn into one of the most sought-after places in the country for food; everything is cold, excepting hot soup in cold weather. You are likely to be disappointed should you go there without booking, so note the telephone number, already memorised by many: Godalming 1158.

Weybridge, Oatlands Park Hotel.—Finally, an hotel where the directorate give their clientele such good value that some 50 per cent. of the visitors are determined to stay for ever! Oatlands Park Hotel is really quite amazing in value for money. It is the most self-contained unit I know of within easy daily reach of London. For youth and the active it offers at no extra charge swimming-pool, squash courts, an 18-hole sporting golf course, billiards, bowls and a Saturday night dance throughout the year. For the elderly who are content to look on, they provide facilities for bridge, television, private suites for the more affluent and plentiful lounge space. The best value in England? It is for you to judge.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
Twenty-five yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing; or just eating, drinking and being lazy. Write R. Kaulback.

BEMBRIDGE, Isle of Wight. PITT HOUSE COUNTRY CLUB
Reopening for Whitsun. Utterly different from the average seaside hotel—we aim at high standards of food, wine, and creature comforts, and consequently only appeal to those who seek seaside privacy coupled with gastronomic pleasures.

BOURNEMOUTH, BOURNE HALL HOTEL
(100 rooms) under the personal and progressive direction of Mrs. R. J. Bray, offers first-class accommodation from 9½ gns. Lift, Central Heating, Private Bathrooms, Lock-ups, Bridge, Billiards. Convenient for sea, shops, shows and station. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
Patronised by Royalty. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central Heating. Excellent garage facilities. A.A.*****. Tel.: 6560.

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For a Summer holiday here is the place for you on the dry, bracing and sunny Norfolk coast. First-class golf, also tennis, sailing, bird-watching, dancing, billiards, and a high regard for cuisine and cellar. Tel.: 217.

CIRENCESTER, Glos. STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL
For both sport and country. Hunting, Squash, Golf, Tennis, all close at hand. A Cotswold countryside rich in scenery and a lovely Cotswold Manor, comfortable, warm and renowned for its cuisine and cellar. Tel.: 835.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL
offers those visiting Ireland the utmost in bedroom comfort; 150 rooms with radio, central heating, iced water, and 24-hour service. Many private bathrooms and suites. The Gresham Grill, Cocktail Lounge and Ballroom are the social hub of Ireland's capital. For Reservations write T. O'Sullivan. Tel.: 46881.

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in Britain's farthest south, a delightful spot for early holidays. An unparalleled position, facing sands and sea. We provide first-class food and service for the discriminating. Nightly dinner dances. Cocktail lounge.

LINDFIELD, Sussex. COUNTY HOTEL
1 mile from Haywards Heath main line station, stands this lovely mansion, immune from sound of passing traffic. Its purport is mainly residential, with hotel catering and comfort happily blending with country-house pursuits. Write A. G. Sturdy, Resident Director. Tel.: 235

ST. IVES, Cornwall. THE GARRACK HOTEL
appeals to all appreciative of comfort, good food and cheerful atmosphere. Standing in own grounds overlooking the Bay—in the country, by the sea, yet only 10 mins. from the town. Reasonable terms. Licensed. Tel.: 199.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
unrivalled position overlooking sea and sands. 52 bedrooms (some private bathrooms). Excellent cuisine. Dancing twice weekly. Tennis courts. Service garage. Licensed. Open end April to October. Write for brochure, or Tel.: 106.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. BELMONT HOTEL
Best in its own class! Occupies excellent position extending to sea-front. Refined and unostentatious. Telephones in all bedrooms. No music or dancing, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort—always abreast of the times. Tel.: 1555.

SIDMOUTH. VICTORIA HOTEL
Facing sea. Food you will enjoy. An attractively furnished room. Breakfast in bed. Telephone and Rediffusion radio by your bedside. Dancing, Golf, Bridge, Putting, Cocktail lounge, Billiards. Come and be spoilt! Tel.: 951.

THURLESTONE, S. DEVON. At this delectable suntrap village by the sea, **THE THURLESTONE** (100 rooms) and **LINKS HOTELS** (50 rooms) offer VERY REDUCED TERMS for early holidays. Golf, tennis, squash, badminton, billiards. Write for details.

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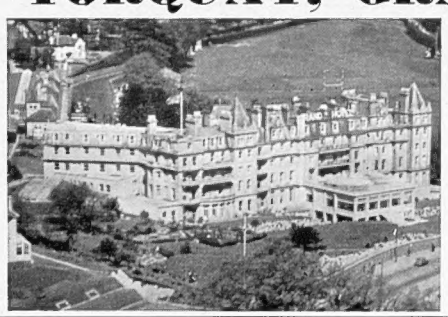
TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL



For your Summer Holidays

Facing full South, overlooking Torbay, with tennis, squash, golf and dancing all free to residents.

Write O. R. Paul.

Tel.: 25234.

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What makes one man trust another? Such small points come into it. This young reporter, for instance, hopes to gain an interview with a visiting musician noted for his shyness. To break the ice, he offers a cigarette. It's the kind he prefers—5d. more for 20, but he doesn't grudge that. And what luck! The great man knows and likes them too.

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HENNESSY

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The visitor to Norwich who wanders down cobbled Elm Hill might well imagine himself back in the Middle Ages, yet this quiet street out of the past is only a few yards from the bustling thoroughfares of industrial and commercial Norwich. For make no mistake, Norwich has more to be proud of than lovely relics of bygone years.

There are, for example the Norwich Union Insurance Societies, founded in the city in 1797 by Thomas Bignold. His basic principles of first-class insurance at moderate premiums are still upheld by his successors, allied to a modern progressive outlook that has carried the Norwich Union's business to every corner of the free world.

NORWICH UNION

INSURANCE SOCIETIES, NORWICH

Branches and Agencies throughout the world

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